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CHILD LIFE

IN LITERATURE

A FOURTH READER

BY

ETTA AUSTIN BLAISDELL McDonald

AND

MARY FRANCES BLAISDELL

AUTHORS OF "CHILD LIFE," "CHILD LIFE IN TALE AND FABLE," AND "CHILD LIFE IN MANY LANDS"

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PREFACE

THIS book, the fourth of the Child Life Series, has been compiled for the purpose of giving children material from the best available literature, and through this material aiding them to acquire a taste for reading genuinely good books.

Many of these selections are made from classic literature; all are of recognized value. As the name of the book implies, the selections are not made indiscriminately, but with the definite purpose of introducing the animate child to the child of fiction.

Alice, Tom, Gluck, Cosette, Aladdin, Jackanapes, and Tiny Tim should be as familiar to boys and girls as are their playmates. What better can we do for the children than to give them these life-long friends!

The poem entitled "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," by Eugene Field, is used by permission of and by arrangement with Charles Scribner's Sons.

NOTE TO TEACHERS

As soon as the children begin to read with fluency and understanding they begin to enjoy reading. This is the time to lead them to acquire a taste for good reading, but a carefully prepared book is of little use without the coöperation of the teacher.

In order to interest boys and girls in the literature from which these selections are made, take books from the library for them to read and discuss, encourage home reading, and collect a few books as the beginning of a school library. Are not good books as valuable as good pictures?

Interest yourself in the books your pupils are reading, suggest books for them to read, ask them to read aloud a short selection from a book they have read, teach them to find a good selection, ask them to learn quotations and short poems *by heart*, teach them to select quotations worth knowing; call attention to a fine description, to a thought well expressed; in fact, use every opportunity for leading the children to love the true, the good, and the beautiful in literature as well as in nature and art.

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KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā *as in* māde
ă " răt
ȧ " ȧsk
ä " fär
â " âll
ã " cãre
ạ " ạbove

ē *as in* mē
ĕ " lĕt
ẽ " hẽr
ẹ " hundred

ī *as in* rīde
ĭ " pĭn
ĩ " fĩr
ȳ " flȳ
ў " prettў

ō *as in* ōld
ŏ " ŏn
ȯ " lȯve
ö " möve
ô " fôr
ọ " parlọr

ū *as in* ūse
ŭ " cŭp
u̇ " fu̇ll

o͞o *as in* bo͞ot
o͝o " fo͝ot

ç *as in* miçe
n̲ " ban̲k
g̊ " cag̊e
s̱ " eyes̱

CHILD LIFE IN LITERATURE

A FOURTH READER

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

I. THE MAD TEA-PARTY

mŭsh′rōōm cŏn vĕr sā′tion ĭn tĕr rŭpt′
ŭn cȯm′fort ạbl¢ Dôr′mouse trē¢′cl¢
cū rĭ ŏs′ĭ tў drĕ¢d′fụl lў ĕx tr¢ôr′dĭ nā rў

ALICE had not gone far before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare. She thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur.

It was so large a house, that she did not like to go nearer till she had nibbled some more of the left-hand bit of mush-

room, and raised herself to about two feet high. Even then she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself "Suppose it should be raving mad after all! I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead!"

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head.

"Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some cake," said the March Hare.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any cake," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice. "It's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," said Alice. "It's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I am glad they've begun asking riddles —I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, which seemed to be talking in its sleep,

"that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice. He had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled. "You shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at

it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again. He could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied. "But that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt very much puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said politely.

II. THE DORMOUSE'S TALE

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little tea upon its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head and said, with-

out opening its eyes, "Of course, of course: just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied. "What's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! That accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything

you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it were," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice; "but then — I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter: "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head. "Not I!" he replied. "We quarrelled last March — just before *he* went mad, you know —" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare,) "— it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing, —.

'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way, —

'Up above the world you fly,
Like a tea-tray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle —'"

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle —*" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen cried out 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh. "It's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

"But what happens when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened its eyes. "I wasn't asleep," it said in a hoarse, feeble voice, "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked. "They'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much. So she went on, "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter: "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! Sh!" and the Dormouse remarked "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly. "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know —"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all, this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter: "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him. The March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change; and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she said, "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well — eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse: "well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M —"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and went on: "— that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness — you know you say things are 'much of a muchness' — did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?"

"Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, "I don't think —"

"Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear. She got up in great disgust, and walked off. The Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her. The last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

—Lewis Carroll.

NURSE'S SONG

When the voices of children are heard on the green
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies.

No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
  And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,
  And the hills are all covered with sheep.

Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,
  And then go home to bed.
The little ones leaped and shouted and laughed
  And all the hills echoèd.

— William Blake.

THE RAINBOW

My heart leaps up when I behold
  A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
  Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

— William Wordsworth.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

O, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

— Sir Walter Scott.

THE SNOW-IMAGE

Pē′ō nў	crē āt′ĭng	a̤ void′ĕd
ăs′pĕct	dĕl′ĭ cāt¢	ĕx plā nā′tion
grăv′ĭ tў	twī′lī¢ht	dē pär′tūr¢
floun′dĕr¢d	rŭd′dĭ nĕss	thĭm′bl¢
h¢ärth	ĭm ăg̈ ĭ nā′tion	dĭs̤ sŏlv¢d′

I. THE IMAGE

One afternoon on a cold winter's day, when the sun shone with chilly brightness after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow.

The elder child was a little girl, whom her parents used to call Violet. Her brother was known by the title of Peony, on account of the ruddiness of his round little face,

which made everybody think of sunshine and great red flowers.

As I began with saying, Violet and Peony begged their mother to let them run out and play in the new snow. Though it had looked so dismal drifting down out of the gray sky, it had a cheerful aspect, now that the sun was shining on it.

The children lived in the city, and had no wider play-place than a little garden in front of the house, divided by a white fence from the street, with a pear-tree and two or three plum-trees in it, and some rose-bushes just in front of the parlor-windows. The trees and shrubs, however, were now leafless, and their twigs were covered with the light snow.

"Yes, Violet, — yes, my little Peony," said their kind mother; "you may go out and play in the new snow."

Then the good lady bundled up her darlings in woollen jackets, and put comforters round their necks and worsted mittens on their hands, and gave them a kiss apiece, by way of a spell to keep away Jack Frost. Forth went the two children,

with a hop-skip-and-jump that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snow-drift. Violet emerged like a snow-bunting, but little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom. Then what a merry time they had!

At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet, after laughing heartily at little Peony's figure, was struck with a new idea.

"You look exactly like a snow-image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow, — an image of a little girl, — and it shall be our sister, and shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Peony, "that will be nice! And mamma shall see it!"

"Yes," answered Violet; "mamma shall see the new little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor; for, you know, our little snow-sister will not love the warmth."

And then the children began this work of making a snow-image that should run about; while their mother, who was sitting at the window and

overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it. They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty in creating a live little girl out of the snow.

The mother gazed at the children a moment; then she went on with her work. What it was I have forgotten; but she was either trimming a bonnet for Violet, or darning a pair of stockings for Peony. She could not help turning her head to the window, however, to see how the children got on with their snow-image.

It was a pleasant sight to see those bright little souls at their task. Moreover, it was really wonderful to observe how skilfully they managed the matter. Violet told Peony what to do, while, with her own delicate fingers she shaped the snow figure. It seemed, in fact, not so much to be made by the children, as to grow up under their hands, while they were playing and prattling about it.

Their mother was quite surprised at this; and the longer she looked, the more and more surprised she grew.

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet to her brother,

who had gone to another part of the garden, "bring me some of that fresh snow, from the farthest corner, where we have not been trampling. I want to shape our little snow-sister's bosom with it. You know that part must be quite pure, just as it came out of the sky!"

"Here it is, Violet!" answered Peony, as he came floundering through the drift. "Here is the snow for her little bosom. O Violet, how beau-ti-ful she begins to look!"

"Yes," said Violet, "our snow-sister does look very lovely. I did not know, Peony, that we could make such a sweet little girl as this."

The mother, as she listened, thought how delightful it would be, if fairies, or, still better, if angel-children were to come from Paradise, and play with her own darlings, and help them to make their snow-image.

Violet and Peony would not be aware of their playmates, — only they would see that the image grew very beautiful while they worked at it, and would think that they themselves had done it all.

"My little girl and boy deserve such playmates, if children ever did!" said the mother to herself;

and then she smiled again at her own motherly pride.

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet; for her brother was again at the other side of the garden. "Bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear-tree. You can climb on the snow-drift and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow-sister's head!"

"Here they are, Violet!" answered the little boy. "Take care you don't break them. Well done! Well done! How pretty!"

"Does she not look sweetly?" said Violet. "Now we must have some shining bits of ice, to make the brightness of her eyes. Mamma will see how beautiful she is; but papa will say, 'Nonsense! — Come in out of the cold!'"

"Let us call Mamma to look out," said Peony; and then he shouted, "Mamma! Mamma!! Mamma!!! Look out, and see what a nice little girl we are making."

The mother put down her work, for an instant, and looked out of the window. She saw Violet and Peony still at work; Peony bringing fresh snow, and Violet making the figure. And as she looked at the snow-child, the mother thought to herself that never before was there a snow-figure so well made, nor ever such a dear little boy and girl to make it.

She sat down again to her work, and made as much haste with it as possible; because twilight would soon come, and Peony's frock was not yet finished. Faster and faster, therefore, went her flying fingers. The children also kept busily at work in the garden, and still the mother listened, whenever she could hear a word.

She was amused to see how their imagination had got mixed up with what they were doing, and how they were carried away by it. They seemed to think that the snow-child would run about and play with them.

THE SNOW-IMAGE

"What a nice playmate she will be for us, all winter long!" said Violet. "I hope Papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold! Sha'n't you love her dearly, Peony?"

"Oh yes!" cried Peony. "And I will hug her, and she shall sit down close by me, and drink some of my warm milk!"

"Oh no, Peony!" answered Violet, with grave wisdom. "That will not do at all. Warm milk will not be good for our little snow-sister. Little snow-people, like her, eat nothing but icicles. No, no, Peony; we must not give her anything warm to drink!"

II. THE AWAKENING

There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden, Violet cried out, "Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheeks out of that rose-colored cloud! And the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful?"

"Yes; it is beau-ti-ful," answered Peony. "Oh Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold."

"Oh yes," said Violet, "that color, you know, comes from the golden clouds that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red, — redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red if we both kiss them!"

So the mother heard two smart little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow-image on its frozen mouth. But, as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet proposed that the snow-child should kiss Peony's scarlet cheek.

"Come, little snow-sister, kiss me!" cried Peony.

"There! she has kissed you," added Violet, "and now her lips are very red. And she blushed a little, too!"

"Oh, what a cold kiss!" cried Peony.

Just then, there came a breeze of the pure west wind sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor-windows. It sounded so wintry cold that the mother was about to tap on the window-pane with her thimble finger, to summon the two children in, when they both cried out to her with one voice, —

"Mamma, Mamma! we have finished our little snow-sister, and she is running about the garden with us! Dear Mamma! please look out and see what a sweet playmate we have."

The mother looked out of the window; and what do you think she saw there?

If you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, playing about the garden with the two children.

The mother thought it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors; so she went to the door to ask her to come into the parlor; for now that the sun had set it was growing very cold.

She called Violet, and whispered to her: "Violet, my darling, what is the child's name? Does she live near us?"

"Why, dearest Mamma," answered Violet, "this is our little snow-sister, whom we have just been making!"

"Yes, dear Mamma," cried Peony, "this is our snow-image! Is it not a dear little sister?"

At this instant a flock of snow-birds came flitting through the air. As was natural, they

avoided Violet and Peony, but they flew at once to the white-robed child, fluttered about her head, lighted on her shoulders, and seemed to claim her as an old friend.

She was as glad to see these little birds as they were to see her, and welcomed them by holding out both her hands. They all tried to light on her two palms and ten small fingers and thumbs, crowding one another off, with an immense fluttering of their tiny wings.

Violet and Peony stood laughing at this pretty sight; for they enjoyed the merry time which their new playmate was having with these small-winged friends, almost as much as if they themselves took part in it.

"Violet," said her mother, "tell me the truth, without any jest. Who is this little girl?"

"My darling Mamma," answered Violet, "I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow-image, which Peony and I have been making. Peony will tell you so, as well as I."

"Yes, Mamma," said Peony, "this is our little snow-child. Is she not a nice one? But, Mamma, her hand is so very cold!"

Just then the father of Violet and Peony appeared. He saw the little white stranger running to and fro in the garden like a dancing snow-wreath, and the flock of snow-birds fluttering about her head.

"What little girl may that be?" he inquired. "Surely her mother must be crazy to let her go out in such cold weather, with only that white gown and those thin slippers!"

"My dear husband," said his wife, "I know no more about the little thing than you do. Violet and Peony insist that she is nothing but a snow-image, which they have been busy about in the garden almost all the afternoon."

As she said this, the mother glanced toward the spot where the children's snow-image had been made. What was her surprise to find that there was not a trace of so much labor! — no image at all! — no piled up heap of snow! — nothing whatever, but the prints of little footsteps.

"This is very strange!" said she.

"What is strange, dear Mother?" asked Violet. "Dear Father, do you not see how it is? This is our snow-image, which Peony and I have made,

because we wanted another playmate. Did we not, Peony?"

"Yes, Papa," said Peony. "This is our little snow-sister. Is she not beau-ti-ful? But she gave me such a cold kiss!"

"Nonsense, children! Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow," cried their father. "Come, Wife; this little stranger must not stay out in the cold a moment longer. We will bring her into the parlor; and you shall give her a supper of warm bread and milk, and make her as comfortable as you can. Meanwhile, I will inquire among the neighbors, or send the city-crier about the streets to give notice of a lost child."

"Dear Father," cried Violet, "it is true what I have been telling you! This is our little snow-girl, and she cannot live unless she breathes the cold west-wind. Do not make her come into the hot room!"

"Not bring her in!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man. "Why, you are crazy, my little Violet!—quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold, already, that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her

freeze to death? No wonder she looks like snow. She is half frozen, poor little thing, but a good fire will make her all right."

So the good man placed the snow-child on the hearth-rug, in front of the hissing and fuming stove.

"Now she will be comfortable!" cried Mr. Lindsey, rubbing his hands and looking about him, with the pleasantest smile you ever saw. "Make yourself at home, my child."

Sad, sad and drooping, looked the little white maiden, as she stood on the hearth-rug, with the hot blast of the stove striking her.

Once she glanced toward the windows, and caught sight of the snow-covered roofs and the glittering stars. The bleak wind rattled the window-panes as if it were calling her to come forth; but there stood the snow-child, drooping, before the hot stove.

The mother went in search of a shawl and stockings, and good Mr. Lindsey took his departure, shutting the parlor-door carefully behind him. But he had barely reached the street-gate, when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and

Peony, and the rapping of a thimbled finger against the parlor window.

"Husband! Husband!" cried his wife, "there is no need of going for the child's parents!"

"We told you so, Father!" cried Violet and Peony, as he reëntered the parlor. "You would bring her in; and now our poor — dear — beau-ti-ful little snow-sister is thawed!"

And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears; so that their father, seeing what strange things may sometimes happen, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw too! That would be a sad misfortune!

In his surprise, he asked his wife for an explanation. She could only reply, that, being called to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little maid, except a heap of snow, which, while she was gazing at it, melted away upon the hearth-rug.

"And there you see all that is left of it!" she added, pointing to a pool of water in front of the stove.

"Yes, Father," said Violet, looking sadly at him through her tears, "there is all that is left of our dear little snow-sister!"

— NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

— JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND

văn′ĭsh~~e~~d	căv′ẽrns̱	ạ̈ māz~~e~~′men̤t
jăg′ū är	wē~~a~~′s̱~~e~~l	cŏn clud′ĕd
glā′cier	pẽr sĭs tĕd	lĕ~~o~~′pä̤rd
mĭs′sions̱	ŏc′cū pī~~e~~d	glē~~a~~m′ĭng

I. THE BETTER LAND

When Diamond came to himself after he fell, he found himself at the back of the North Wind.

North Wind herself was nowhere to be seen. Neither was there any snow or ice within sight. The sun too had vanished; but that was no matter, for there was plenty

of a still, rayless light. Where it came from he never found out; but he thought it belonged to the country itself.

Sometimes he thought it came out of the flowers, which were very bright, but had no strong color.

He said the river — for all agree that there is a river there — flowed not only through, but over grass; its channel, instead of being rock, stones, pebbles, or anything else, was of pure meadow grass, not very long.

He insisted that if it did not sing tunes in people's ears, it sang tunes in their heads, in proof of which I may mention that, in the troubles which followed, Diamond was often heard singing; and when asked what he was singing, would answer, "One of the tunes the river at the back of the North Wind sang."

And I may as well say, at once, that Diamond never told these things to any one but — no, I had better not say who it was; but whoever it was told me, and I thought it would be well to write them for my child-readers.

He could not say that he was very happy there, for he had neither his father nor mother with

him, but he felt so still and quiet and patient and contented, that, as far as the feeling went, it was something better than happiness. Nothing went wrong at the back of the North Wind. Neither was anything quite right, he thought. Only everything was going to be right some day.

When the person he told about it asked him whether he saw anybody he knew there, he answered, "Only a little girl belonging to the gardener, who thought he had lost her, but he was mistaken, for there she was safe enough, and was to come back some day, as I came back, if they would only wait."

"Did you talk to her, Diamond?"

"No. Nobody talks there. They only look at each other, and understand everything."

"Is it cold there?"

"No."

"Is it hot?"

"No."

"What is it, then?"

"You never think about such things there."

"What a queer place it must be!"

"It's a very good place."

"Do you wish to go back again?"

"No: I don't think I have ever left it; I feel it here, somewhere."

"Did the people there look pleased?"

"Yes — quite pleased, only a little sad."

"Then they didn't look glad?"

"They looked as if they were waiting to be gladder some day."

This was how Diamond used to answer questions about that country. And now I will take up the story again, and tell you how he got back to this country.

When one at the back of the North Wind wished to know how things were going with any one he loved, he had to go to a certain tree, climb the stem, and sit down in the branches. In a few minutes, if he kept very still, he would see what was going on with the people he loved.

One day when Diamond was sitting in this tree, he began to long very much to get home again, and no wonder, for he saw his mother crying.

But how was he to set about it? If he could only see North Wind! But the moment he was at her back, she was gone altogether from his

sight. He had never seen her back. She might be sitting on her doorstep still, looking southwards, and waiting, white and thin and blue-eyed, until she was wanted.

Or she might have again become a mighty creature, with power to do that which was demanded of her, and gone far away upon many missions. She must be somewhere, however. He could not go home without her, and, therefore, he must find her.

She could never have intended to leave him always away from his mother. If there had been any danger of that, she would have told him, and given him his choice about going. For North Wind was honest. How to find North Wind, therefore, occupied all his thoughts.

In his anxiety about his mother, he used to climb the tree every day, and sit in its branches.

One day he was sitting on one of the outer branches of the tree looking southwards after his home. Far away was a blue, shining sea dotted with gleaming and sparkling specks of white. Those were the icebergs.

Nearer, he saw a great range of snow-capped

mountains, and down below him, the lovely meadow-grass of the country, with the stream flowing and flowing through it, away towards the sea.

As he looked he began to wonder, for the whole country lay beneath him, like a map, and that which was near him looked just as small as that which he knew to be many miles away. The ridge of ice and snow which bounded it appeared but a few yards off, and no larger than a row of pebbles on the sea-shore.

He thought he could see North Wind, seated as he had left her, on the other side. Hastily he descended the tree, and to his amazement found that the map of the country still lay at his feet.

He stood in it. With one stride he had crossed the river; with another, he had reached the ridge of ice; with the third, he stepped over its peaks, and sank wearily down at North Wind's knees. For there she sat at her doorstep. The peaks of the great ridge of ice were as lofty as ever behind her, and the country at her back had vanished from Diamond's view.

II. DIAMOND GOES HOME

North Wind was as still as Diamond had left her. Her pale face was as white as the snow; her eyes were as blue as the caverns in the ice.

The instant Diamond touched her, her face began to change like that of one waking from sleep. Light began to shine from the blue of her eyes. A moment more, and she laid her hand on Diamond's head, and began playing with his hair. Diamond took hold of her hand, and laid his face to it. She gave a little start.

"How very alive you are, child!" she said. "Come nearer to me."

By the help of the stones all around he climbed beside her, and laid himself in her arms. She gave a great sigh, slowly lifted her arms, and folded them about him until she clasped him close.

"Have you been sitting here ever since I went through you, dear North Wind?" asked Diamond, stroking her hand.

"Yes," she answered, looking at him with her old kindness.

"Aren't you very tired?"

"No; I've often had to sit longer. Do you know how long you have been?"

"Oh! years and years," answered Diamond.

"You have been just seven days," returned North Wind.

"I thought I had been a hundred years!" exclaimed Diamond.

"Yes, I dare say," replied North Wind. "You've been away from here seven days; but how long you may have been in there is quite another thing. Behind my back and before my face things are so different! They don't go at all by the same rule."

"I'm very glad," said Diamond, after thinking awhile.

"Why?" asked North Wind.

"Because I've been such a long time there, and such a little while away from my mother and father, and my little sister."

"But we mustn't talk any longer. We must be off now in a few minutes."

Next moment Diamond found himself sitting alone on the rock. North Wind had gone. A creature like a great bumble-bee flew past his face; but it could not be one, for there were no insects among the ice.

It passed him again and again, flying in circles around him, and he concluded that it must be North Wind herself, no bigger than Tom Thumb when his mother put him in the nutshell lined with flannel.

A moment more, and she perched on his shoulder. "Come, Diamond," she said in his ear, "we must go now."

Diamond could just see her by turning his head as far as he could, but only with one eye, for his nose came between her and the other.

"Won't you take me in your arms and carry me?" he said.

"Yes," replied North Wind, "I will carry you, but you shall walk a little first."

She jumped from his shoulder, but when Diamond looked for her on the ground he could see nothing but a little brown spider with long legs that made its way over the ice and snow towards the south.

It ran very fast indeed, for a spider, but Diamond ran a long way before it, and then sat down and waited for it.

It was up with him sooner than he had expected, however, and it had grown a good deal. And the spider grew and grew and went faster and faster, till all at once Diamond discovered that it was not a spider he was chasing, but a weasel; and away glided the weasel; and away went Diamond after it. He had to run as fast as he could to keep up with it.

The weasel grew and grew till all at once Diamond saw that it was not a weasel but a cat. And away went the cat, and Diamond ran on and on after it.

When he had run half a mile he found the cat waiting for him, sitting up and washing her face so as not to lose time. And away went the cat again, and Diamond after it.

The next time he came up with the cat he found it was a hunting-leopard. The hunting-leopard grew to a jaguar, all covered with spots like eyes.

The jaguar grew to a Bengal tiger. At none of them was Diamond afraid, for he had been at North Wind's back, and he could be afraid of her no longer, whatever she did or grew.

The tiger flew over the snow in a straight line for the south, growing less and less to Diamond's eyes, until it was only a black speck upon the whiteness; and then it vanished altogether, leaving the little boy alone.

Now Diamond felt that he would rather not run any farther, and that the ice was very rough. Besides, he was near the cliffs that bounded the sea, so he began to walk.

"North Wind will come back to me," he said to himself. "I know that she will, for I cannot go much farther without her."

"You dear boy! Here I am!" said North Wind's voice, behind him. "I will carry you now, if you wish."

Diamond turned, and saw her as he liked best to see her, standing beside him, a tall lady, with her long hair flowing over her shoulders.

"Where's the tiger, and the leopard, and the cat?" he asked, for he knew all the creatures from his picture-books. "But, of course," he added, "you were the tiger. I was puzzled and forgot. I saw it such a long way off before me, and when I turned around there you were behind me. It's so odd, you know."

"It must look very odd to you, Diamond; I see

that. But it's no more odd to me than to break an old pine tree in two."

"Well, that's odd enough," said Diamond.

"So it is! I forgot. Well, none of these things are odder to me than it is to you to eat bread and butter."

"Well, that's odd too, when I think of it," persisted Diamond. "I should like a slice of bread and butter! I'm afraid to say how long it is — how long it seems to me, that is — since I had anything to eat."

"Come, then," said North Wind, stooping and holding out her arms. "You shall have some bread and butter very soon. I am glad to find that you want some."

Diamond held up his hands to meet hers, and was safe in her arms. North Wind bounded into the air. Her tresses began to lift and rise, and spread and stream, and flow and flutter; and with a roar from her hair, and an answering roar from one of the great glaciers behind them, whose slow torrent tumbled two or three icebergs at once into the waves at their feet, North Wind and Diamond went flying southwards.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

A BOY'S WISH

Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the Spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay — stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing!

Oh — no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till Winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing!

Well-tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For Mother's kiss, — sweeter this
Than any other thing!

— WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

TINY TIM'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

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âs sĭs'tĕd	crĭp'pl~~e~~	is'sued
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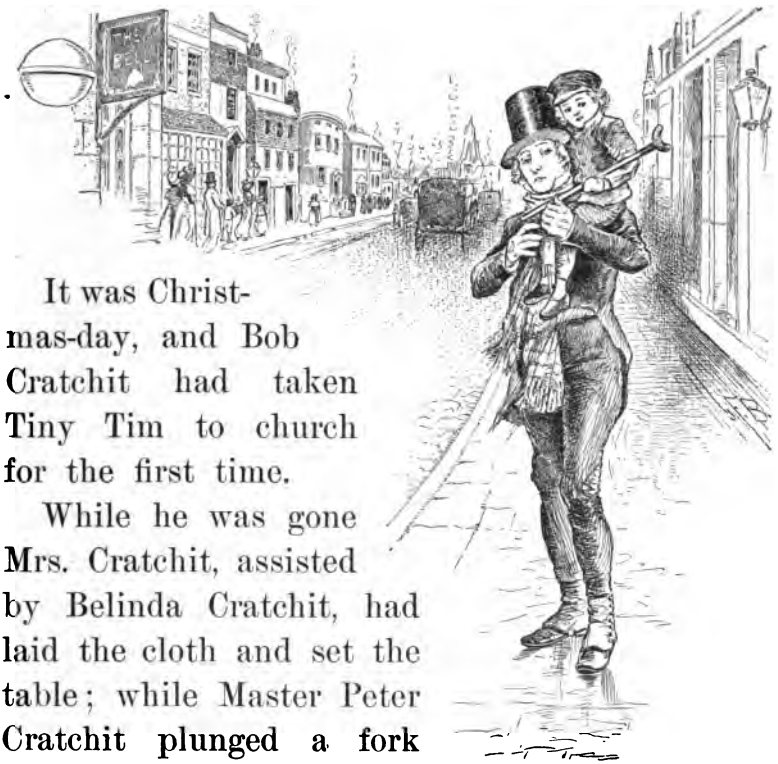


It was Christmas-day, and Bob Cratchit had taken Tiny Tim to church for the first time.

While he was gone Mrs. Cratchit, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, had laid the cloth and set the table; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes.

Now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came running in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelled the goose, and known it for their own.

These young Cratchits danced about the table, while Master Peter Cratchit blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has become of your father," said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas-day by half an hour."

"Here's Martha, Mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, Mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurra! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

"We had a great deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, Mother!"

"Well, never mind, as long as you are here,"

said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit down before the fire, my dear, and warm yourself."

"No, no! There's Father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once.

"Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his legs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob. "Not coming upon Christmas-day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits caught up Tiny Tim and carried him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the kettle.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs.

Cratchit, when Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas-day, who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice trembled when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire. Then Master Peter and the two young Cratchits went to bring the goose, with which they soon returned in high glee.

Such excitement followed that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand

in a little saucepan) hissing hot. Master Peter mashed the potatoes; Miss Belinda sweetened the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table.

The two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves. Then, climbing into their chairs, they held their fingers over their lips, lest they should call for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was followed by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast. When she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board. Even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurra!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness, flavor, and size were wonderful to think of. With apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was enough dinner for the whole family.

Indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (looking at one small bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten all of it yet. But every one had had enough, even the youngest Cratchits. But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have climbed over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose!

Halloo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the kettle. A smell like a washing-day. That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a baker's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, and decked with Christmas holly.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said it was the best pudding he had ever seen. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody

said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family.

At last the dinner was all done, the hearth swept, and the fire made. All the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, and watched the chestnuts on the fire as they sputtered and cracked. Then Bob said, "Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE

fôr lôrn′	dĕ~~a~~f′-mūt~~e~~	ĕx cēed′ĭng lў
păr′ạ pĕt	Dō′lôr	pär tĭc′ū lär lў
strā~~i~~n~~e~~d	ĭm ăġ′ĭ nạ bl~~e~~	sĕn sā′tion
prō tĕc′tion	spĕc′tạ̄ cl~~e~~s̱	quĭv′ẽr ĭng

I. THE TOWER

One winter night, when all the plain was white with moonlight, a tall black horse was seen crossing it. The horse was ridden by a man also big and equally black, carrying before him on the saddle a woman and a child.

The woman was to inhabit the lonely tower with the child, and was allowed to live as long as the child lived — no longer.

The child was only a little boy, with a sweet, sleepy smile — he had been very tired with his long journey — and clinging arms, which held tight to the man's neck, for he was rather frightened, and the face, black as it was, looked kindly at him. He was very helpless, too, with his poor, small, shrivelled legs, which could neither stand nor run away.

This forlorn little boy was Prince Dolor, and he was being sent away from home under the charge of the woman and the black man. The latter was deaf and dumb, so he could neither tell nor repeat anything.

When they reached the foot of the tower, there was light enough to see a huge chain dangling from the parapet, but dangling only half way. The deaf-mute took from his saddle-bag a ladder, arranged in pieces like a puzzle, fitted it together, and lifted it up to meet the chain.

Then he mounted to the top of the tower, and slung from it a chair, in which the woman and the child placed themselves and were drawn up, never to come down again as long as they lived. Leaving them there, the man descended the ladder, took it to pieces again and placed it in his pack, mounted his horse, and disappeared across the plain.

Every month they used to watch for him, appearing like a speck in the distance. He fastened his horse to the foot of the tower and climbed it as before, laden with provisions and many other things. He always saw the Prince,

to make sure that the child was alive and well, and then he went away until the following month.

While his first childhood lasted, Prince Dolor was happy enough. He had every luxury that even a prince could need, and his nurse was very kind to him.

He played about from room to room; learned to crawl like a fly and to jump like a frog, and to run about on all-fours almost as fast as a puppy. In fact, he was very much like a puppy or kitten, — as thoughtless and as merry.

As he grew older he often sat at the windows and watched the sky above and the ground below, with the storms

sweeping over, and the sunshine coming and going, and the shadows of the clouds running races across the barren plain.

By and by he began to learn lessons, and as he had nothing else to do, he got on very rapidly. When he could read, he spent most of the day with the books which the man brought him, books which told him of everything in the outside world, and filled him with a desire to see it.

From this time a change came over the boy. He began to look sad and thin. His nurse had been forbidden to tell him anything about himself, who he was, or what he might have been. He knew he was Prince Dolor, because she always called him "My Prince," and "Your Royal Highness," but what a prince was he had not the least idea. He had no idea of anything in the world, except what he found in his books.

He sat one day surrounded by them, having built

them up around him like a castle wall. He had been reading them half the day, but feeling all the while that to read about things which you never can see is like hearing about a beautiful dinner while you are starving.

"Oh, I wish I had some one to tell me about these things! some one that would be fond of me," he said. "Yes, I wish I had a person, a real live person, who would be fond of me and kind to me. Oh, I want some one — dreadfully, dreadfully!"

As he spoke, there sounded behind him a slight tap-tap-tap, as of a stick or a cane, and twisting himself round, he saw — what do you think he saw?

A little woman, no bigger than himself. Her hair was gray, and her dress was gray, and there was a gray shadow over her wherever she moved. But she had the sweetest smile, and the prettiest hands, and when she spoke, it was in the softest voice imaginable.

"My dear little boy," she said, "my own little boy, I could not come to you until you had said you wanted me; but now you do want me, here I am."

"And you are very welcome, madam," replied the Prince, trying to speak politely, as princes always did in books. "I am exceedingly obliged to you. May I ask who you are? Perhaps my mother?"

"No," said the visitor, with a tender smile. "No, I am not your mother, though she was a dear friend of mine; and you are as like her as you can be."

"Will you tell her to come and see me, then?"

"She cannot; but I dare say she knows all about you. And she loves you very much — and so do I; and I wish to help you all I can. I am your godmother."

"Hurrah!" cried the little Prince; "I am glad I belong to you, for I like you very much. Will you come and play with me?"

So they sat down together and played. By and by they began to talk.

"Are you very dull here?" asked the little old woman.

"Not particularly, thank you, Godmother. I have plenty to eat and drink, and my lessons to do, and my books to read — plenty of books."

"And you want nothing?"

"Nothing. Yes — perhaps — if you please, Godmother, could you bring me just one more thing?"

"What sort of thing?"

"A little boy to play with."

The old woman looked very sad. "That is just the thing which I cannot give you, but I will give you something to amuse you — something that will take you wherever you wish to go, and show you all that you wish to see."

"What is it?"

"A travelling cloak."

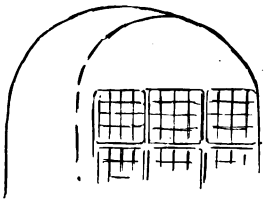
When the Prince heard this he looked very sad. "I don't want a cloak," he said, "for I never go out. I can't walk, you know, but I can creep and hop. Sometimes nurse lifts me up on the roof, and carries me round the parapet; but that is all."

"The more reason why you should ride," said his godmother, laying the cloak down beside him. Then she kissed him, bade him "Good-by" in her sweet, soft voice, and left him as she had found him, sitting among his books.

II. THE FLIGHT

Prince Dolor took the cloak and began to untie the knots, when something strange happened. The cloak began to undo itself. Slowly unfolding, it laid itself down on the carpet, a rim turned up all around it, and it grew and grew until it was large enough for one person to sit in very comfortably.

With one of his active leaps the Prince sprang into the middle of the cloak, where he sat down, wrapped his arms round his knees, and waited to see what would happen next.



In a moment the cloak rose, slowly and steadily, till it nearly touched the skylight. Prince Dolor's head would have bumped against the glass if he had not put up his hands and opened the skylight.

The minute the window was opened, the cloak

sailed out into the clear, fresh air, with nothing between it and the cloudless blue sky.

Prince Dolor had never felt such a delightful sensation before. I can understand it. Cannot you? Did you never think, while watching the birds in their flight across the evening sky, how pleasant it must feel to be up there, able to hear and see everything below?

Something like this was the happiness of the little lame Prince when he left the Hopeless Tower, and found himself, for the first time, in the pure open air, with the sky above him and the earth below.

The happy little fellow, floating in the air in his magic cloak, saw all sorts of wonderful things — or they seemed wonderful to him, who had hitherto seen nothing at all.

First, there were the flowers that grew on the plain, and, whenever the cloak came near enough, he strained his eyes to look at them; they were tiny, but very beautiful.

"I wonder," thought the Prince, "whether I could see better through a pair of glasses like those my nurse reads with."

Immediately he felt something queer and hard fixing itself to the bridge of his nose. It was a pair of the prettiest gold spectacles ever seen, and looking downward, he could see every blade of grass, every tiny bud and flower — nay, even the insects that walked over them.

"Thank you, thank you!" he cried, hoping that his dear godmother, who he felt sure had given him this new present, would hear him.

He amused himself for a long time with the glasses, gazing down upon the grass and flowers.

Then, just to rest his eyes, he turned them up to the sky — the blue, bright, empty sky which he had looked at so often and seen nothing.

Now surely there was something. A long, black wavy line moving in the distance, not as the clouds move, but as if it were alive. Looking at it through his spectacles, he soon discovered that it really was alive; being a long string of birds, flying one after the other toward the south.

"They must be birds of passage," cried the boy, who had read a little about them in his books. "Oh, how I should like to see them quite close, and to know where they are going!"

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE

At once the cloak gave a bound forward, and presently he found himself high in the air, in the very middle of that band of travellers who had no magic cloak to travel on — nothing but their wings.

"Oh, I wish I were going with you, you lovely creatures," cried the little boy. "I'm getting so tired of this dull plain, and the dreary and lonely tower. Pretty swallows, dear swallows! tell me what it looks like — the beautiful, wonderful world!"

But the swallows flew past him silently and slowly; and the child looked after them with envy. For a long time he followed with his eyes the faint black line as it floated away. Then he settled himself down in the centre of the cloak, feeling sad and lonely.

"Oh, Godmother!" he said at last; "dear Godmother, all these things that I have seen I like very much, but I should like better to see some one like myself. Couldn't you show me just one little boy?"

There was a sigh behind him, — it might have been the wind, — and the cloak remained so long

motionless in the air that he was afraid his godmother had forgotten him. Suddenly a shrill whistle startled him, and looking down he saw something — neither a sheep nor a horse nor a cow — nothing upon four legs.

This creature had only two; but they were long, straight, and strong. And it had an active body, and a curly head of black hair set upon its shoulders. It was a boy, a shepherd-boy, about the Prince's own age — but, oh! so different.

As the Prince looked, the boy stretched himself, for he had been half asleep, while his dog, who had been guarding the sheep, began to jump upon him and bark with delight.

"Down, Snap, down! Let's warm ourselves with a race," the Prince heard him say.

They started off together, boy and dog — shouting and barking, till it was doubtful which made the most noise or ran the fastest. And what a pleasure it seemed to both of them!

How the boy skimmed along the ground, his cheeks glowing, and his hair flying, and his legs — oh, what a pair of legs he had!

Prince Dolor watched him for a while, and then

his pale face grew paler, his lips began to quiver, and his eyes filled with tears.

"How nice it must be to run like that!" he said softly, thinking that never — no, never — would he be able to do the same. "I think I would rather not look at him again," and he drew himself back into the centre of his cloak and took off his gold spectacles.

He sat a long time thus, or it seemed a long time to him, when suddenly through the silence, up from below, there rose a delightful sound.

It was the song of a skylark, mounting higher and higher from the ground, till it came so close that Prince Dolor could distinguish its quivering wings and tiny body.

"Oh, you beautiful, beautiful bird!" cried he; "I should dearly like to take you in and cuddle you. That is, if I could, if I dared."

The lark soared and soared, and the Prince forgot all his sadness and pain, everything in the world except the lark. He was just wondering if it would soar out of sight and what he should do when it was gone, when it folded its wings and dropped right into his hand.

How happy the Prince was now! He had something that no one else had, something all his own! As the cloak travelled on, the little lark hopped from his hand to his shoulder and kissed him with its dainty beak as if it loved him.

When he came in sight of Hopeless Tower, a painful thought came to him. "My pretty bird," he said, "what am I to do with you? If I take you into my room and shut you up there, what will become of you? No, my dear bird, I will not keep you shut up in the tower; I would rather do without you altogether. Fly away, my beautiful bird. Good-by, my merry, merry bird."

Opening his two hands, he let the lark go. It perched on the rim of the cloak a moment, then away it flew, far up into the blue sky.

But when Prince Dolor had eaten his supper and gone quietly to bed, he heard outside the window a faint carol.

The dear little lark! It had not flown away, after all. It hovered about the tower all night, and, whenever he listened, he heard it singing.

That night the little Prince went to sleep as happy as a king.

—Dinah Mulock Craik.

A LAUGHING SONG

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
When Mary and Susan and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha, he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
When our table with cherries and nuts is spread:
Come live, and be merry, and join with me
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

— WILLIAM BLAKE.

SONG

I had a dove and the sweet dove died;
And I have thought it died of grieving:
Oh, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied
With a silken thread of my own hands' weaving.
Sweet little red feet! why should you die —
Why would you leave me, sweet bird! why?
You lived alone in the forest-tree;
Why, pretty thing! would you not live with me?
I kiss'd you oft and gave you white peas;
Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

— JOHN KEATS.

JACKANAPES

cär′nĭ va̤l	sȯm′ẽr sâu̸lt	răp′tūre̸
căr′a̤ văn	dĭs pōs̤e̸d′	whĩrl′ĩ gĭg
cō′cōa̸ nŭt	shĭl′lĭng	spurned
bē hāv′io̤r	rĕl′ĭc	ŏp po̤r tūn′ĭ tў
mĕa̸s′ūr ĭng	mĭl′ĭ tā rў	Wâ′tẽr lo͞o

I. LOLLO

Two Donkeys and the Geese lived on the Green, and all other residents of any social standing lived in houses around it. The houses had no names. Everybody's address was "The Green,"

but the Postman and the people of the place knew where each family lived.

As to the rest of the world, what has one to do with the rest of the world when he is safe at home on his own Goose Green? Besides, if a stranger did come on any business, he might ask his way at the shop.

Once a year the Goose Green became the scene of a carnival. First of all, carts and caravans were rumbling along, day and night.

Jackanapes could hear them as he lay in bed, and could hardly sleep for wondering what booths and whirligigs he should find when he and his dog Spitfire went out after breakfast.

He seldom had to wait so long, however, for news of the Fair. The Postman knew the window out of which Jackanapes' yellow head would come, and was ready with his report.

"Royal Theatre, Master Jackanapes, in the old place, but be careful of the seats, sir; they're rickettier than ever. Two sweets and a ginger beer under the oak tree, and the Flying Boats are just coming along the road."

The Gray Goose always ran away at the first

approach of the caravans, and never came back to the Green till there was nothing left of the Fair but footmarks and oyster-shells.

Grass soon grew over the footprints, and children took the oyster-shells to trim their gardens with; but one year there remained another relic of Fair-time in which Jackanapes was very much interested.

"The Green" was part of a common, where gypsies sometimes camped, especially after the Fair. And it was after the Fair that Jackanapes, out rambling by himself, was knocked over by the gypsy's son riding the gypsy's red-haired pony at breakneck pace across the common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse except for being heels over head in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And what bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown by the wind!

The gypsy boy had had a fright, and he was willing enough to reward Jackanapes for not having been hurt, by allowing him to have a ride.

"Do you mean to kill the little gentleman?" screamed the gypsy mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

"He would get on," replied her son. "It'll not kill him. He'll fall on his yellow head, and it's tough as a cocoanut."

But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony; and oh, the delight of this wild gallop with flesh and blood! Just as his legs were beginning to feel as if he did not feel them, the gypsy boy cried, "Lollo!" Round went the pony so quickly that Jackanapes had to cling to his neck, and did not recover himself before Lollo stopped where they had started.

"Is his name Lollo?" asked Jackanapes.

"Yes."

"What does Lollo mean?"

"Red."

"Is Lollo your pony?"

"No. My father's," and the gypsy boy led Lollo away.

At the first opportunity Jackanapes stole away again to the common. This time he saw the gypsy father, smoking a dirty pipe.

"Lollo is your pony, isn't he?" said Jackanapes.

"Yes."

"He's a very nice one."

"He's a racer."

"You don't want to sell him, do you?"

"Fifteen pounds," said the gypsy father. Jackanapes sighed and went home again.

A few days later, Miss Jessamine spoke very seriously to Jackanapes. She told him that his grandfather, the General, was coming to the Green, and that he must be on his very best behavior during the visit. He must keep his clothes and his hands clean, not put sticky things in his pockets, keep his hair smooth, not burst in at the parlor door, and not talk at the top of his voice. He must be sure to say "Sir" to the General, and be careful about rubbing his shoes on the door-mat.

II. JACKANAPES' GRANDFATHER

The General arrived; and for the first day all went well. Jackanapes began to feel more at

ease with his grandfather, and disposed to talk with him, as he did with the Postman. All that the General felt it would take too long to tell; but he was disposed to talk with Jackanapes.

"A very pretty place," he said, looking out of the window at the Green.

"You should see it in Fair-week, sir," said Jackanapes, shaking his yellow hair, as he leaned back in one of the two arm-chairs in which they sat.

"A fine time, eh?" said the General, with a twinkle in his eye.

Jackanapes shook his hair once more. "I enjoyed this last one the best of all," he said; "I had so much money."

"It's not a common complaint in these bad times. How much had you?"

"I had two shillings. A new shilling aunty gave me, an eleven pence I had saved up, and a penny from the Postman, — *sir!*" added Jackanapes with a jerk, having forgotten it.

"And now I suppose you've not got a penny in your pocket, *sir?*" inquired the General.

"Yes, I have," said Jackanapes. "Two pennies.

They are saving up." And Jackanapes jingled them with his hand.

"You don't want money except at Fair-time, I suppose?" said the General.

Jackanapes shook his head.

"If I could have as much as I want, I should know what to buy," said he.

"How much do you want, if you could get it?"

"Wait a minute, sir, till I think what twopence from fifteen pounds leaves. Two from nothing you can't, but borrow twelve. Two from twelve, ten, and carry one. Please remember ten, sir, when I ask you. One from nothing you can't, borrow twenty. One from twenty, nineteen, and carry one. One from fifteen, fourteen. Fourteen pounds, nineteen and — what did I tell you to remember?"

"Ten," said the General.

"Fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings and tenpence, then, is what I want," said Jackanapes.

"What do you want all that money for?"

"To buy Lollo with. Lollo means red, sir. The gypsy's red-haired pony, sir. Oh, he *is* beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his mane! You should see his tail! Such little feet, sir, and they go like lightning! But he's a racer, and the gypsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

"If he's a racer you couldn't ride him, could you?"

"No — o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

"Did you! Well, I'm fond of riding myself; and if the beast is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eye.

"I can double up my legs, I suppose. We'll have a look at him to-morrow."

"Don't you weigh a good deal?" asked Jackanapes.

"Chiefly waistcoats," said the General, slapping the breast of his military coat. "We'll have the little racer on the Green the first thing in the morning. Glad you mentioned it, Grandson; glad you mentioned it."

The General was as good as his word. Next morning the gypsy and Lollo, Miss Jessamine, Jackanapes, and his grandfather, and his dog Spitfire, were all gathered at one end of the Green in a group. This so aroused the curiosity of Mrs. Johnson, as she saw it from one of her upper windows, that she and the children took their morning walk earlier than usual.

The General talked to the gypsy, and Jackanapes fondled Lollo's mane, and did not know

whether he should be more glad or sorry if his grandfather bought him.

"Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I've bought Lollo, but I believe you were right. He hardly stands high enough for me. If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I'll give him to you."

How Jackanapes tumbled on to Lollo's back he never knew. He had just gathered up the reins when the gypsy father took him by the arm.

"If you want to make Lollo go fast, my little gentleman—"

"I can make him go!" said Jackanapes, and drawing from his pocket a trumpet he had bought at the Fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo, and away went Jackanapes' hat. His golden hair flew out, and his cheeks shone red. Away went Spitfire, mad with the rapture of the race and the wind in his silky ears. Away went the geese, the cocks, the hens, and the whole family of Johnson. Lucy clung to her mamma, Jane saved Emily by the gathers of her gown, and Tony saved himself by a somersault.

The Gray Goose was just returning when Jackanapes and Lollo rode back, Spitfire panting behind.

"Good, my little gentleman, good!" said the gypsy. "You were born to the saddle. All you want is to learn the whisper. Come here!"

"What was that fellow talking about, Grandson?" asked the General, an hour later, when they were sitting in the window in two arm-chairs.

"I can't tell you, sir. It's a secret."

"You must love your aunt very much, Jackanapes?"

"I do, sir," said Jackanapes, warmly.

"And whom do you love next best to your aunt?"

Jackanapes answered quite readily, "The Postman."

"Why the Postman?"

"He knew my father," said Jackanapes, "and he tells me about him and about his black mare. My father was a soldier, a brave soldier. He died at Waterloo. When I grow up I want to be a soldier, too."

"So you shall, my boy; so you shall."

"Thank you, Grandfather. Aunty doesn't want me to be a soldier, for fear of being killed."

"Would she have you get into a feather-bed and stay there? Why, you might be killed by a thunderbolt, if you were a butter merchant!"

"So I might. I shall tell her so. What a funny fellow you are, sir! Do you think my father knew the gypsy's secret? The Postman says he used to whisper to his black mare."

"Your father was taught to ride, as a child, by one of those horsemen of the East who swoop and dart and wheel about a plain like swallows in autumn. Grandson! love me a little, too. I

can tell you more about your father than the Postman can."

"I do love you," said Jackanapes. "I love you very much, and I will try to be very good. But I should like to be a soldier."

"You shall, my boy; you shall. And if you live to be an honor to your country, this old heart shall grow young again with pride for you; and if you die in the service of your country — well, sir, it can but break for you!"

—JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

DUTY

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HIAWATHA'S BROTHERS

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

By the shores of Gitchee Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
"Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!"
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;

Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha,
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes;
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
"Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,

Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"
Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried, in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

ROLLO AT WORK

här′nĕs sĭng	plăt′fôrm	rĕg′ū lär lў
stĕ∕d′ĭ lў	pō sĭ′tion	bruised
ĭn′ju rў	pȧs′tūr∕	ŭn lŭck′ĭ lў
ĭn tĕn′dĭng	sē′rĭ ∕ŭs	wȯn′dĕr∕d

Rollo went into the yard one morning, and found his father just getting into the wagon to go away. Jonas stood by the horse, having just finished harnessing him.

"Father," said Rollo, "I can work. You thought

I could not work, but I can. I am going to work to-day while you are gone."

"Are you?" said his father. "Very well; I shall be glad to have you."

"What would you like to have me do?"

"Oh, you may pick up chips," said his father, "or you may pile that short wood in the shed."

When his father had gone, Rollo went into the house for a basket. His mother gave him one, which he said was just big enough, and he went out into the yard to begin his work.

He sat down on the chips, and began picking them up and throwing them into his basket. He soon filled it, and emptied it into the bin; then he began to fill it again.

When he got the basket nearly full the second time, he thought he was tired, and that it would be a good plan to take a rest; and he would go and see Jonas a little while.

"Well, Rollo," said Jonas, "how do you get along with your work?"

"Oh, very well," said Rollo; "I have been picking up chips all the time since I went away from you."

"And how many have you got in?" said Jonas.

"Guess," said Rollo.

"Six basketfuls," said Jonas.

"No," said Rollo.

"Eight."

"No; not so many."

"How many then?" said Jonas, who began to be tired of guessing.

"Two; that is, I have got one in, and the other is almost full."

"Only two?" said Jonas. "Then you cannot have worked very steadily. Come here, and I will show you how to work."

Jonas walked along to the chips, and asked Rollo to fill his basket and carry it, and then come back, and he would tell him.

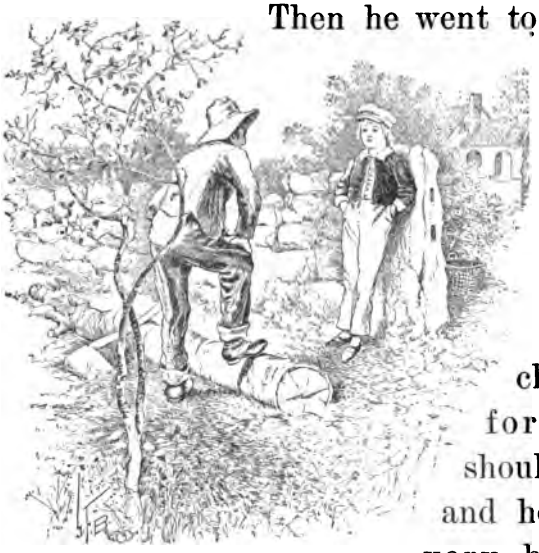
Rollo filled the basket, carried it to the bin, and came back very soon. Jonas told him to fill it again as full as it was before.

"There," said Jonas, when it was done, "now it is as full as the other was, and I think you have been less than two minutes in doing it. We will call it two minutes. Two minutes for each basketful would make thirty basketfuls in

an hour. I don't think there are more than thirty basketfuls in all; so that, if you work steadily, you would get them all into the bin in an hour."

"In an hour?" said Rollo. "Could I get them all in in an hour?"

"Yes," said Jonas, "I have no doubt you can."



Then he went to the field, leaving Rollo to go on with his thirty baskets. Rollo thought it would be a fine thing to get the chips all in before his father should come home, and he went to work very busily, filling his basket the third time.

"I can do it quicker," said he to himself. "I can fill the basket a great deal faster than that. I will get it all done in half an hour."

Before he had picked up many chips, however, he happened to think that the wheelbarrow would be a better thing to get them in with. "Men always use a wheelbarrow," he said to himself, "and why should not I?"

So he turned the chips out of his basket, and went after the wheelbarrow. He thought he would take a big load in it, and so he filled it almost full. Then he took hold of the handles, and tried to lift it. He found it very heavy. He tried again and succeeded in raising it from the ground a little; but unluckily, as wheelbarrows are apt to do when the load is too heavy for the workman, it tipped down to one side, and though Rollo used all his strength to save it, it was in vain.

Over went the wheelbarrow, and about half of the chips were poured out upon the ground again.

"Oh dear!" said Rollo; "I wish this wheelbarrow were not so heavy."

After a few minutes he tipped the wheelbarrow back, which he could easily do now that the load was half out, and thought he would wheel those chips along, and take the rest next time.

He wheeled the load along until he came to the edge of the platform which was before the shed door, where he was to carry in his chips. Of course he could not get the wheel up such a high step; so he sat down on the edge of the platform, not knowing what to do next.

"I will not pick up chips any more. I will pile the wood," he said to himself. "Father told me that I might either pick up chips or pile the wood. I shall not have anything to carry or to wheel at all, and it will be much easier."

So he left his wheelbarrow where it was, at the edge of the platform, intending to ask Jonas to get it up for him when he should come home.

He went into the shed, and began to pile the wood. It was some very short, small wood, prepared for a stove in his mother's chamber, and he knew where his father wished to have it piled — back against the side of the shed, near where the wood was lying. Jonas had thrown it there in a heap as he had sawed and split it.

He began to lay the wood regularly upon the ground where his pile was to be, and for a few minutes worked very busily.

Soon Jonas came in. "How do you get along with your chips?" he asked.

"Oh, not very well. I want you to help me get the wheelbarrow up on the platform."

"The wheelbarrow!" said Jonas. "Are you doing it with the wheelbarrow?"

"No, I am not picking up chips now at all. I am piling wood. I *did* have the wheelbarrow."

Just then the cow walked through the yard and out of the gate into the field, and Jonas said he must go at once to drive her into the pasture, and put up the fence, so he could not stop to help Rollo about the chips; but he would look in and see if he was piling the wood right.

"That will do very well," said he, "only you must put the biggest ends of the sticks outward, or it will tumble down."

Rollo piled a little more, and as he piled he wondered what Jonas meant by telling him to put the largest ends outward. He took up a stick and laid it on both ways, first with the big end against the side of the shed, then with it in front.

He did not see but that the stick lay as steadily in one position as in the other.

"Jonas was mistaken," said he. "It is better to put the big ends back. Then they are out of sight, and the pile looks handsomer."

So he went on, putting the sticks upon the pile with the biggest ends back against the shed. By this means the back side of the pile began soon to be the highest, and the wood slanted forward, so as to be quite unsteady.

Rollo could not imagine what made his pile act so. He thought he would put on one stick more, and then leave it. But, as he was putting on the stick, he found that the whole pile was very unsteady. He put his hand upon it, and shook it a little, to see if it were going to fall, when he found it was coming upon him.

As he stepped suddenly back, he tumbled over the wood which was lying on the ground, and a large part of the pile came down upon him.

He screamed out with fright and pain, for he bruised himself a little in falling.

That evening, when his father came home, Rollo said, "Father, you were right, after all; I *don't* know how to work."

—JACOB ABBOTT.

BIRD SONGS

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow,
the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say "I love, and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud
song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm
weather,
And singing and loving — all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

— SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

TOM, THE WATER-BABY

drăg′o̤n-flȳ	tĕr′rĭ ẽr	fi̸ērçe̸′lў
there′fôre̸	dĭs cŏn tĕn′tĕd	ăd vĕn′tūre̸
tŏr′rĕnt	quâr′rĕl sȯme̸	săl̸m′ȯn
dōz′ĭng	Chĕsh′ĭre̸	cŏm păn′ĭȯns̱
bŭr′rōw̸s̱	thou′s̱ă̤ndth	thŭn′dẽr-stôrm

I. IN THE RIVER

One day Tom had a new adventure. He was sitting on a water-lily leaf, he and his friend the dragon-fly, watching the gnats dance. The dragon-fly had eaten as many as he wanted, and was sitting quite still and sleepy, for it was very hot and bright.

The gnats danced a foot over his head quite happily, and a large black fly settled within an inch of his nose and began washing his own face and combing his hair with his paws. But the

dragon-fly never stirred, and kept on chatting to Tom about the times when he lived under the water.

Suddenly Tom heard the strangest noise up the stream. He looked up the water, and there he saw a sight as strange as the noise; a great ball rolling over and over down the stream, seeming one moment of soft brown fur, and the next of shining glass.

Yet it was not a ball; for sometimes it broke up and streamed away into pieces, and then it joined again; and all the while the noise came out of it louder and louder.

Tom asked the dragon-fly what it could be; but of course, with his short sight, he could not even see it, though it was not ten yards away. So Tom started off to see for himself; and when he came near, the ball turned out to be four or five beautiful otters, many times larger than Tom, who were swimming about, and rolling and diving, and twisting and scratching in the most charming fashion that ever was seen.

But when the biggest of them saw Tom, she darted out from the rest, and cried in the water-language sharply enough, "Quick, children, here is

something to eat, indeed!" and came at poor Tom, showing such a wicked pair of eyes and such a set of sharp teeth in a grinning mouth,

that Tom, who had thought her very handsome, said to himself, "Handsome is that handsome does," and slipped in between the water-lily roots as fast as he could, and then turned around and laughed at her.

"Come out," said the wicked old otter, "or it will be worse for you."

But Tom looked at her from between two thick roots, and shook them with all his might.

"Come away, children," said the otter. "It is not worth eating, after all. It is only an eft, which nothing eats."

"I am not an eft!" said Tom. "Efts have tails."

"You are an eft," said the otter. "I see your two hands quite plainly, and I know that you have a tail."

"I tell you I have not," said Tom. "Look here!" and he turned his pretty little self quite round; and sure enough, he had no more tail than you have.

The otter might have got out of it by saying that Tom was a frog; but like a great many other people, when she had once said a thing she stood to it, right or wrong.

"I say you are an eft," said the otter, "and therefore you are, and not fit food for gentlefolk like me and my children; you may stay there till the salmon eat you." (She knew the salmon would not, but she wished to frighten poor Tom.)

"What are salmon?" asked Tom.

"Fish, you eft; great fish, nice to eat. They are the lords of the fish, and we are lords of the salmon;" and she laughed again. "They are

coming soon, children, coming soon; I can smell the rain coming up off the sea. Then hurrah for fresh salmon and plenty of eating all day long."

The otter grew so proud that she turned head over heels twice, and then stood upright half out of the water, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"And where do they come from?" asked Tom.

"Out of the sea, eft, — the great wide sea, where they might stay and be safe if they liked."

Then the otter sailed away down the brook, and Tom saw her no more for that time. And lucky it was for her that she did so; for no sooner was she gone than down the bank came seven little rough terrier dogs, snuffing and yapping, grubbing and splashing, in full cry after the otter.

Tom hid among the water-lilies till they were gone; for he could not guess that they were the water-fairies come to help him.

But he could not help thinking of what the otter had said about the great river and the broad sea. As he thought, he longed to go and see them. He could not tell why; but the more he thought, the more he grew discontented with the narrow little stream in which he lived, and with

all his companions. He wished to get out into the wide, wide world, and enjoy all the wonderful sights of which he was sure it was full.

Once he set off to go down the stream, but the stream was very low, and when he came to the shallows he could not keep under water, for there was no water left to keep under. So the sun burned his back and made him sick; and he went back again and lay quiet in the pool for a whole week more.

II. TO THE SEA

Then on the evening of a very hot day he saw a wonderful sight.

He had been very stupid all day, and so had the trout; for they would not move an inch to take a fly, though there were thousands on the water; but lay dozing on the bottom under the shade of the stones. Tom lay dozing too, and was glad to cuddle their smooth, cool sides, for the water was warm and unpleasant.

Toward evening it grew suddenly dark, and Tom looked up and saw a blanket of black clouds lying across the valley above his head. He felt not

quite frightened, but very still; for everything was still. There was not a whisper of wind nor a chirp of a bird to be heard.

Next a few drops of rain fell into the water. One hit Tom on the nose, and made him pop his head down quickly enough.

Then the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed from cloud to cloud, and cliff to cliff, till the rocks in the stream seemed to shake.

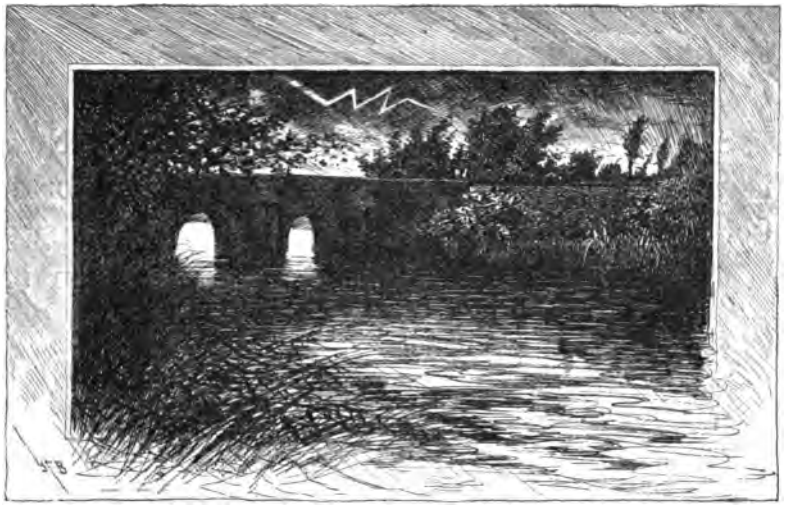
Tom looked up at it through the water, and thought it the finest thing he ever saw in his life.

Out of the water he dare not put his head; for the rain came down by bucketsful, and the hail fell like shot on the stream, and churned it into foam.

Soon the stream rose and rushed down, higher and higher, full of beetles and sticks and straws.

Tom could hardly stand against the stream, and hid behind a rock. But the trout did not hide; for out they rushed from among the stones, and began gobbling the beetles and leeches in the most greedy and quarrelsome way; swimming about with great worms in their mouths, tugging and kicking to get them away from each other.

By the flashes of lightning Tom saw a new



sight — all the bottom of the stream alive with great eels, turning and twisting along, all down stream and away. They had been hiding for weeks past in the cracks of the rocks and in burrows in the mud. Tom had hardly ever seen them except now and then at night; but now they were all out, and went hurrying past him so fiercely and wildly that he was quite frightened.

As they hurried past he could hear them say to each other, "We must hurry! We must hurry! What a jolly thunder-storm! Down to the sea! Down to the sea!"

Then the otter came by with all her brood, twining and sweeping along as fast as the eels themselves.

She spied Tom as she came by and said, "Now is your time, eft, if you wish to see the world. Come along, children, never mind those eels; we shall breakfast on salmon to-morrow. Down to the sea! Down to the sea!"

Then came a flash brighter than all the rest, and by the light of it — in the thousandth part of a second they were gone again — but he had seen them, he was certain of it — three beautiful little white girls, with their arms twined round each other's necks, floating down the torrent, as they sang, "Down to the sea! Down to the sea!"

"Oh, stay! Wait for me!" cried Tom; but they were gone. Yet he could hear their voices clear and sweet through the roar of thunder and water and wind, singing as they died away, "Down to the sea!"

"Down to the sea?" said Tom. "Everything is going to the sea, and I will go, too. Good-by trout."

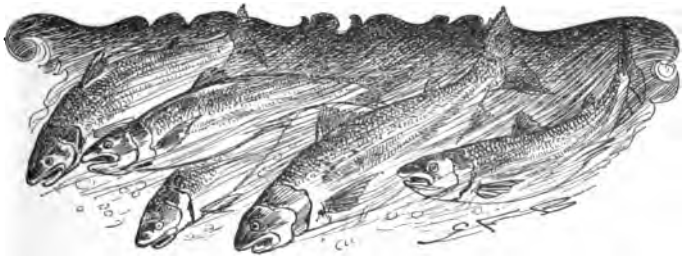
Now down the rushing stream he went, guided

by the bright flashes of the storm; past tall birch-fringed rocks, which shone out one moment as clear as day, and the next were dark as night.

Past dark coves under the banks, from which great trout rushed out on Tom, thinking him to be good to eat, but turned back quickly, for the fairies sent them home again with a scolding for daring to meddle with a water-baby. Along deep reaches, where the white water-lilies tossed and flapped beneath the wind and hail; past sleeping villages; under dark bridges, and away and away to the sea.

Tom could not stop, and did not care to stop; he would see the great world below, and the salmon, and the breakers, and the wide, wide sea.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.



CASABIANCA

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead;
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form.

The flames rolled on — he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud: "Say, Father, say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My Father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.
They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound —
The boy — O! where was he?
— Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair
That well had borne their part —
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young faithful heart!

— Felicia D. Hemans.

GLUCK'S VISITOR

drou~~g~~~~h~~t	~~k~~nŭc'kl~~e~~	smȯth'ẽr ~~e~~d
Stў̆r'ĭ ạ	ăp poin'tĕd	ġĕn'ẽr ~~o~~ŭs
Gluck	ē nôr'm~~o~~ŭs	çĭn'dẽrs̱
mŭs tȧch'ĕs	ŭm brĕl'lạ	shĕl'tẽr
côrk'screws̱	trē mĕn'd~~o~~ŭs	ĕn grāv~~e~~d'

I. THE FIRST VISIT

In the mountains of Styria there was, in olden time, a very fertile valley. It was surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains, which were always covered with snow.

But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills that, in time of drought, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley.

Its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its honey so sweet, that it was called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck.

Schwartz and Hans, the two older brothers, were very ugly men. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were.

They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds because they pecked the fruit; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the locusts, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees.

They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, then quarrelled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them.

It would have been odd if with such a farm and such a way of farming they didn't get very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally kept their corn until it was dear, and then sold it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity.

The youngest brother, Gluck, was about twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree very well with

his brothers; or, rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the office of turnspit, — when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for the brothers were hardly more generous to themselves than to other people.

At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, — occasionally getting what was left upon them for his supper.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had just been made when the haystacks were floated down to the sea by a flood. The vines were cut to pieces by the hail; the corn was killed by a blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe.

As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away cursing the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door.

It was drawing toward winter, and very cold

weather, when one day the two older brothers went out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to turn the roast, that he was to let nobody in and give nothing out.

Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable-looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown.

"What a pity," thought Gluck, "that my brothers never ask anybody to dinner! I'm sure when they have such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has so much as a dry piece of bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up, — more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would dare to knock double knocks at our door."

No, it wasn't the wind; there it came again, very hard, and what was surprising, the knocker

seemed to be in a hurry, and not in the least afraid. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round and very red; his eyes twinkled merrily through long eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each

side of his mouth, and his hair hung down over his shoulders.

He was about four feet six in height, and wore an enormous black coat, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind carried it out from his shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was terribly frightened at the appearance of his visitor, and looked at him without speaking a word. But the old gentleman, turning round to look after his fly-away cloak, caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hello!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door. I'm wet; let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir!" said Gluck. "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir, — I can't, indeed; my

brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, crossly. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel that it was really cold; and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire, his heart melted within him. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour."

So round he went to the door and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

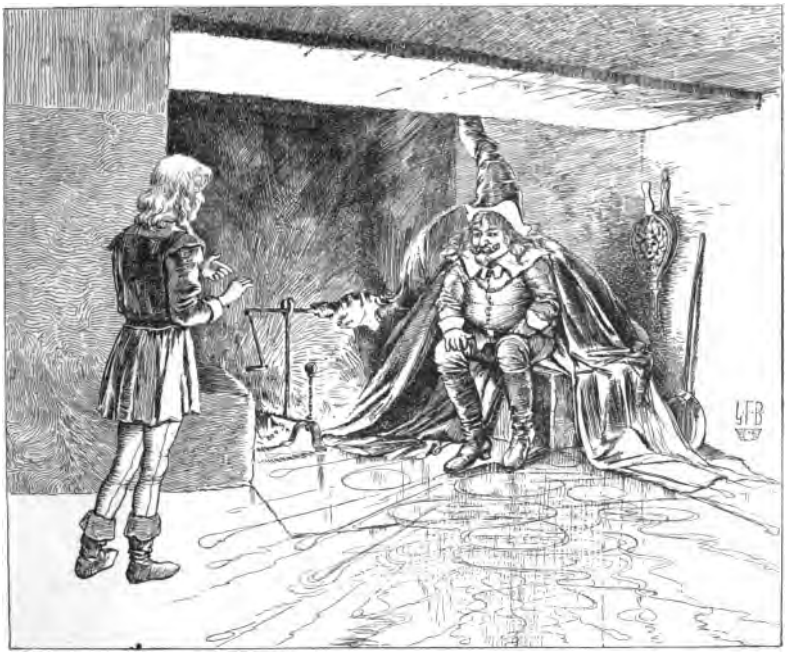
"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they would be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton is done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

The old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip,



drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black; never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, at length, after watching the water spreading in long streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I'm all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But — sir — I'm very sorry," said Gluck, "but — really, sir — you're — putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest. He turned away at the string for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman. "I've had nothing to eat yesterday or

to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so sad a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised to give me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become too warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, and ran to open the door.

II. THE SECOND VISIT

"Why did you keep us waiting in the rain?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face.

"Ay, what for, indeed?" said Hans, giving him a blow on the ear as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen!" said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing to the two brothers.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, Brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear Brother," said Gluck, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head, but, at the instant, the old gentleman thrust out his cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room.

What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the farthest end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" cried Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making a drying-house of it."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs!" They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay," said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz. "Do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen!"

"Off with you!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar than away he went after the

GLUCK'S VISITOR

rolling-pin, spinning round and round till he fell in the corner on top of it.

Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round until his cloak was wound neatly about him, clapped his cap on one side of his head, gave a twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again. After the treatment which I have just received, you will not be surprised if that is the last visit I ever pay you."

"If I ever catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming half frightened out of the corner — but before he could finish his sentence the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang. At the same instant a cloud whirled past the window, and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes, turning

over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck," said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton! If I ever catch you at such a trick again — Bless me! Why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, Brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir!"

Poor Gluck left the room without his supper. The brothers ate as much as they could, and locked the rest in the cupboard.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain! The brothers put up all the shutters and double-barred the door before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room.

As the clock struck twelve they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door broke open with a shock that made the house tremble from top to bottom; the rain beat in, and the wind whistled through the room.

"Who's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by the misty moonbeam which found its way through a hole in the shutter they could see in the midst of it an immense ball of foam, spinning round and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which sat the little old gentleman, cap and all. There

was plenty of room for his tall cap now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to trouble you," said their visitor, with a laugh. "I'm afraid your beds are rather damp; perhaps you'd better go to your brother's room; I've left the ceiling on there, and his room is dry."

They needed no second advice, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of fear.

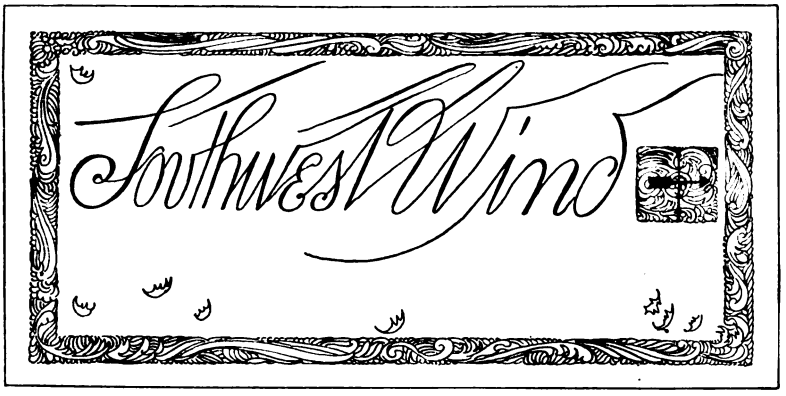
"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit!"

"I hope it may be!" said Schwartz, trembling; and the ball of foam disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin. The flood had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left nothing but a waste of red sand and gray mud.

The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had torn away the whole first floor; corn, money, almost everything had been swept away, and there was

left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words: —

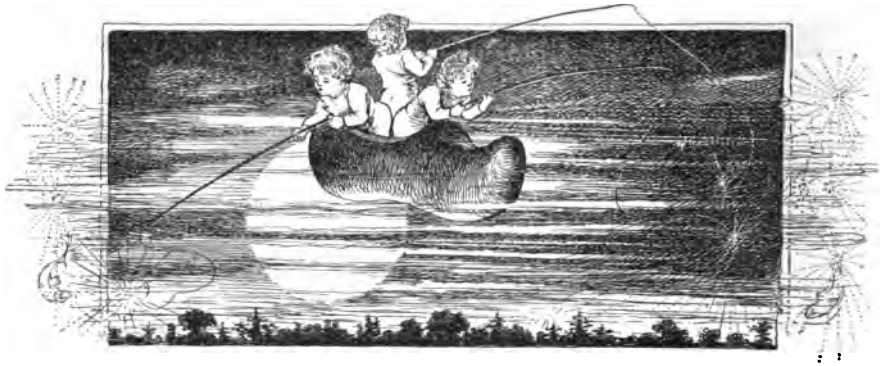


—JOHN RUSKIN.

Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

—RICHARD C. TRENCH.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD



Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe, —
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;

And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed,
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

— EUGENE FIELD.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES

And they brought unto Christ little children, that he should touch them: and the disciples rebuked them.

But when Jesus saw it, he was moved with indignation, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein.

And he took them in his arms and blessed them, laying his hands upon them.

— MARK x. 13-17.

In that hour came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who then is greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

And he called to him a little child, and set him in the midst of them,

And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

— MATTHEW XVIII. 1-6.

And they brought unto him also their babes, that he should touch them: but when the disciples saw it, they rebuked them.

But Jesus called them unto him, saying, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

— LUKE XVIII. 15-17

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing,
"This night shall be the birth-night
Of Christ our heavenly king.

"His birth-bed shall be neither
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise,
But in the oxen's stall.

"He neither shall be rockéd
In silver nor in gold,
But in the wooden manger
That lieth in the mould.

"He neither shall be washen
With white wine nor with red,
But with the fair spring water
That on you shall be shed.

"He neither shall be clothéd
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen
That usen babies all."

As Joseph was a-walking,
Thus did the angel sing,
And Mary's son at midnight
Was born to be our King.

Then be you glad, good people,
At this time of the year;
And light you up your candles,
For his star it shineth clear.

COSETTE

sȯu̯	trăv′ĕl lẽrs̱	Pō nine′
frăn̲e	Păr′ą dīsȯ	Zĕl′mą
vĭs′ion	ăb rŭpt′lў	rē lēȧs′ĭng
pĕd′dlẽr	ăp prōȧch′ĭng	mĕn′tioned

I. COSETTE WORKS

On Christmas Eve Cosette was in her usual place near the chimney. She was in rags; her bare feet were thrust into wooden shoes, and by the firelight she was knitting woollen stockings. Four new travellers had arrived at the inn.

Cosette was thinking that it was dark, very dark; that the pitchers in the chambers of the travellers must

have been filled, and that there was no more water in the bucket.

All at once one of the peddlers who lodged in the inn entered, and said in a harsh voice: —

"My horse has not been watered."

"Yes it has," said Madame Thénardier.

"I tell you that it has not," replied the peddler.

Cosette came from the chimney corner.

"Oh, yes, sir!" said she, "the horse has had a drink. He drank out of a bucket, a whole bucketful; and it was I who took the water to him, and I spoke to him."

"I tell you that he has not been watered. I am sure that he has not."

"If the horse has not been watered, he must be," said Madame Thénardier.

"But, Madame," said Cosette, "there is no water."

"Well, go and get some, then!"

Cosette picked up an empty bucket which stood near the chimney corner, and went out with it.

This bucket was bigger than she was, and the child could have easily sat down in it.

The shops were all brightly lighted, for it was

Christmas Eve. In the window of one of the toy-shops stood an immense doll, nearly two feet tall, which was dressed in a robe of pink silk, with gold wheat-ears on its head.

When Cosette went out, bucket in hand, she could not help lifting her eyes to that wonderful doll; towards *the lady*, as she called it. She had not seen the doll so near before. The whole shop seemed a palace to her; the doll was not a doll, — it was a vision. It was joy, splendor, riches, happiness, which appeared in a sort of halo to the unhappy child.

Cosette said to herself that one must be a queen, or at least a princess, to have a "thing" like that. She gazed at that beautiful pink dress, that beautiful smooth hair, and she thought, "How happy that doll must be!" She could not take her eyes from the window.

The more she looked the more dazzled she grew. She thought she was looking at Paradise. There were other dolls behind the large one, which seemed to her fairies.

In looking at the doll she forgot everything, even the bucket which she held in her hand.

All at once she heard a voice cry out, "What! have you not gone to the spring?"

Cosette fled with her pail, running as fast as she could.

She had to go to the spring in the woods for the water. When she had passed the last house she began to run. As she ran she felt like crying. The darkness of the forest frightened her.

It was only seven or eight minutes' walk from the edge of the woods to the spring. Cosette knew the way, through having gone over it many times in daylight. She did not turn her eyes either to the right or the left, for fear of seeing things in the trees and bushes. In this way she reached the spring.

She drew out the bucket nearly full of water and set it on the grass. That done, she found that she was worn out. She wished to start for home at once, but was obliged to sit down.

Her hands, which she had wet in drawing the water, felt cold. She rose; her terror returned. She had but one thought now, — to fly, to fly through the forest, across the fields, to the houses, to the windows, to the lighted candles!

Her glance fell upon the bucket which stood before her; she seized the handle with both hands; she could hardly lift the bucket.

She went a dozen steps, but the bucket was full; it was heavy: she was forced to set it on the ground once more.

She rested a moment, then lifted the handle of the bucket again, and walked on.

On reaching an old chestnut tree, she made a last stop, that she might get well rested; then she picked up her bucket again, and went on.

At that moment she felt that the weight of the bucket was gone; a large hand had seized the handle, and was carrying the bucket easily.

She raised her head. A large black form, straight and erect, was walking beside her through the darkness. It was a man who had come up behind her, but she had not heard him. This man, without saying a word, had seized the handle of the bucket which she was carrying.

The child was not afraid.

The man spoke to her in a low voice.

"My child, what you are carrying is very heavy for you."

Cosette raised her head and replied, "Yes, sir."

"Give it to me," said the man; "I will carry it for you."

Cosette let go of the bucket. The man walked on beside her.

"How old are you, little one?"

"Eight, sir."

"Have you come far like this?"

"From the spring in the forest."

"Are you going far?"

"A good quarter of an hour's walk from here."

The man said nothing for a moment; then he spoke abruptly:—

"So you have no mother?"

"I do not know," answered the child.

Before the man had time to speak again, she added: — "I do not think so. Other children have mothers. I have none."

"What is your name?" said the man.

"Cosette."

"Where do you live, little one?"

"At the inn, if you know where that is."

"That is where we are going?"

"Yes, sir."

He paused; then began again: —

"Who sent you at such an hour to get water in the forest?"

"It was Madame Thénardier."

"What does Madame Thénardier do?"

"She is my mistress," said the child. "She keeps the inn."

"The inn?" said the man. "Well, I am going to lodge there to-night. Show me the way."

"We are on the way there," said the child.

The man spoke again: —

"Is there no servant in Madame Thénardier's house?"

"No, sir."

"Are you alone there?"

"Yes, sir."

Another pause. Then Cosette said, "That is to say, there are two little girls."

"What little girls?"

"Ponine and Zelma."

"Who are Ponine and Zelma?"

"They are Madame Thénardier's daughters."

"And what do those girls do?"

"Oh!" said the child, "they have beautiful dolls and they play all day long."

"And you?"

"I? I work."

"How do you amuse yourself?"

"In the best way I can. They let me alone; but I have not many playthings. Ponine and Zelma will not let me play with their dolls. I have only a little lead sword."

As they approached the inn, Cosette said, "Will you please let me take my bucket now? If Madame sees that some one has carried it for me, she will punish me."

The man handed her the bucket. A minute later they were at the door of the inn.

COSETTE

Cosette could not help glancing at the big doll, which still stood in the window of the toy-shop; then she knocked. The door opened. Madame Thénardier appeared with a candle in her hand.

"Madame," said Cosette, "here is a gentleman who wishes a lodging."

"Enter, my good man," said Madame Thénardier.

The man entered; laid his bundle and his stick on a bench, and seated himself at a table.

II. COSETTE PLAYS

Cosette sat down by the fire, and took up her knitting.

Ponine and Zelma were sitting in the chimney corner. They had a doll, which they turned over and over on their knees with all sorts of joyous chatter. From time to time Cosette raised her eyes from her knitting, and watched their play.

The doll was very much faded, very old and very much broken; but it seemed beautiful to Cosette, who had never had a doll in her life.

All at once Madame Thénardier saw that Cosette was watching the little ones at their play.

"Ah!" she said. "So that's the way you work!"

The stranger turned to Madame Thénardier. "Let her play," he said.

"She must work, since she eats," said the woman.

"What is she making?" continued the stranger.

"Stockings, if you please. Stockings for my little girls."

The man looked at Cosette's poor little red feet, and continued, "When will she finish this pair of stockings?"

"She has at least three or four good days' work on them still."

"And how much will that pair of stockings be worth when she has finished them?"

"Thirty sous."

"Will you sell them for five francs?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, sir, but you must pay for them at once."

"I will buy the pair of stockings," replied the man, "and," he added, drawing a five-franc piece from his pocket and laying it on the table, "I will pay for them."

Then he turned to Cosette. "Now I own your work; play, my child."

"Is it true, Madame? May I play?"

"Play!" said Madame Thénardier, in a harsh voice.

Cosette dropped her knitting, but did not leave her seat. She picked up some old rags and her little lead sword from a box behind her.

While Ponine and Zelma were dressing their doll, Cosette dressed up her sword. That done, she laid it in her arms, and sang to it softly, to lull it to sleep.

All at once Cosette paused; she had just turned round and caught sight of the doll which the children had dropped on the floor. She dropped the sword, which only half met her needs, and cast her eyes slowly around the room.

Madame Thénardier was counting some money; Ponine and Zelma were playing with the cat. She had not a moment to lose; she got down from her chair, made sure once more that no one was watching her; then she slipped quickly up to the doll and seized it. An instant later she was in her place again, seated motionless, and only turned so

as to cast a shadow on the doll which she held in her arms.

No one had seen her, except the traveller, who was slowly eating his supper.

This joy lasted about a quarter of an hour. But with all the care that Cosette had taken, she did not see that one of the doll's legs stuck out, and that the firelight shone on it.

That pink and shining foot suddenly struck the eye of Zelma, who said to Ponine, "Look, sister!"

The two little girls stared; Cosette had dared to take their doll!

Ponine rose, and without releasing the cat, she ran to her mother, and began to pull at her skirt.

"Let me alone!" said the mother.

"Mother," said the child, "look there!" and she pointed to Cosette.

When Madame Thénardier saw the doll in the child's arms she cried out, "Cosette!"

Cosette started and turned round.

"Cosette!" repeated the woman.

Cosette took the doll and laid it gently on the floor, then without taking her eyes from it, she clasped her hands, and burst into tears.

Meanwhile, the stranger had risen to his feet. "What is the matter?" he said.

"Don't you see?" said Madame Thénardier, pointing to the doll which lay at Cosette's feet.

"Well, what of it?" replied the man.

"That child," said the woman, "has dared to touch the children's doll."

"All this noise for that!" said the man. He went straight to the street door, opened it, and stepped out.

The door opened again in a moment, and the man entered. He carried in both hands the beautiful doll which we have mentioned, and he sat it upright in front of Cosette, saying, "Here; this is for you."

Cosette raised her eyes; she gazed at the man approaching her with that doll as she might have gazed at the sun. She heard the words, "It is for you"; she stared at him; she stared at the doll; then she went under the table, and hid herself.

"Well, Cosette," said Madame Thénardier, in a voice that she tried to make sweet, "are you not going to take the doll? The gentleman has given you a doll, my little Cosette; take it, it is yours."

Cosette looked at the doll. Her face was still wet with tears, but she smiled beautifully. What she felt at that moment was a little like what she would have felt if some one had said to her, "Little one, you are the Queen of France."

Then Cosette went timidly up to Madame Thénardier and said, "May I really have it?"

"Why, yes, it is yours. The gentleman has given it to you."

"Truly, sir?" said Cosette. "Is it true? Is 'the lady' mine?"

The stranger's eyes filled with tears. He nodded to Cosette, and placed "the lady's" tiny hand in hers.

"I shall call her Catherine," said Cosette. Then she said to Madame Thénardier, "May I put her in a chair?"

"Yes, my child," replied Madame Thénardier.

It was now the turn of Ponine and Zelma to stare at Cosette with envy.

Cosette placed Catherine in a chair, then seated herself on the floor in front of her. She did not move, but sat there and gazed in admiration at her beautiful doll.

"Play, Cosette," said the stranger.

"Oh, I am playing," replied the child, without even turning her head for an instant.

Soon Madame Thénardier sent her two daughters to bed. Then she turned to the stranger. "I shall send Cosette, also," she said. "The poor child has worked so hard to-day."

Cosette went off happily to bed, carrying Catherine in her arms.

— Victor Hugo.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers, —
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

—JAMES T. FIELDS.

MAGGIE TULLIVER

rē s̤ŏlv~~e~~d′	hĭl′lŏck	ăp′pē tīt~~e~~
sū pē′rĭ ọ̆r	cō~~a~~x′ĭng	fôr′wa̤rd
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I. MAGGIE RUNS AWAY

Maggie had resolved that she would run away and go to the gypsies, and Tom should never see her any more.

This was by no means a new idea; she had been so often told that she was like a gypsy, that when she was unhappy it always seemed to her that the best thing for

her to do would be to live in a little brown tent on the common.

The gypsies, she thought, would gladly receive her, and pay her much respect on account of her superior knowledge.

She had once mentioned this to Tom, and had suggested that he should stain his face brown, and they should run away together. But Tom did not approve of the plan, and said that gypsies were thieves, and hardly got anything to eat, and had nothing to drive but a donkey.

To-day, however, Maggie was so unhappy that she thought she must certainly become a gypsy.

She rose from her seat on the roots of a tree, and set off at once.

She would run straight away till she came to Dunlow Common, where there would certainly be gypsies; and cruel Tom should never see her any more.

Maggie was soon out of breath with running, but she hurried as fast she could, for fear that Tom would come to look for her.

At last, however, the green fields came to an end, and Maggie found herself looking through

the bars of a gate into a lane with a wide margin of grass on each side of it. She had never seen such a wide lane before, and, without knowing why, it gave her the impression that the common could not be far off. She crept through the bars of the gate and walked on.

Suddenly she caught sight of a pair of legs sticking up by the side of a hillock. It was a boy asleep, and Maggie trotted along faster and more lightly for fear she would wake him.

It did not occur to her that he was one of her friends the gypsies. But the fact was so, for at the next bend in the lane Maggie saw a little black tent with the blue smoke rising before it.

She even saw a tall woman standing by the blue smoke, doubtless the gypsy mother.

It was rather disappointing to find the gypsies in a lane and not on a common; for a common, where there were sand-pits to hide in, had always made a part of Maggie's picture of gypsy life.

It was plain that she had attracted attention; for the tall figure, who proved to be a young woman with a baby on her arm, walked slowly to meet her.

"Where are you going, my little lady?" said the gypsy in a coaxing tone.

It was delightful, and just what Maggie expected; the gypsies saw at once that she was a little lady.

"Not any farther," said Maggie, feeling as if she were saying what she had thought in a dream. "I'm coming to stay with *you*, please."

"That's pretty; come, then. Why, what a nice little lady you are, to be sure!" said the gypsy, taking her by the hand. Maggie thought her very agreeable, but wished she had not been so dirty.

There was a group round the fire when they reached it. An old gypsy woman was sitting on the ground poking a skewer into the round kettle that sent forth steam. Two small children were lying down resting on their elbows. A donkey was bending his head over a tall girl, who was scratching his nose and feeding him with a bite of stolen hay.

The sunlight fell upon them, and the scene was really very pretty, Maggie thought, only she hoped they would soon set out the teacups.

Everything would be charming when she had taught the gypsies to use a wash-basin, and to feel an interest in books.

It was a little confusing when the young woman began to speak to the old one in a language which Maggie did not understand, while the tall girl sat up and stared at her without saying anything.

At last the old woman said, "What, my pretty lady, have you come to stay with us? Sit down and tell us where you came from."

It was just like a story; Maggie liked to be called pretty and treated in this way. She sat down and said: —

"I came from home because I'm unhappy, and I mean to be a gypsy. I'll live with you if you like, and I can teach you a great many things."

"Such a clever little lady," said the woman with the baby, sitting down by Maggie, and allowing the baby to crawl. "And such a pretty bonnet and frock," she added, taking off Maggie's bonnet and looking at it. The tall girl snatched the bonnet and put it on her own head; but Maggie was determined not to show any weakness on this subject.

"I don't want to wear a bonnet," said Maggie; "I'd rather wear a red handkerchief, like yours."

"Oh, what a nice little lady! and rich, I'm sure," said the old woman. "Didn't you live in a beautiful house at home?"

"Yes, my home is pretty, and I'm very fond of the river, where we go fishing, but I'm often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry, you know. But I can tell you almost everything there is in my books, I've read them so many times, and that will amuse you. I can tell you something about geography too, — that's about the world we live in, very useful and interesting. Did you ever hear about Columbus?"

Maggie's eyes had begun to sparkle and her cheeks to flush, — she was really beginning to teach the gypsies.

"Is that where you live, my little lady?" said the old woman, at the mention of Columbus.

"Oh, no!" said Maggie, with some pity; "Columbus was a very wonderful man, who found out half the world, and they put chains on him and treated him very badly. It's in my geography,

but perhaps its rather too long to tell before tea — *I want my tea so.*"

The last words burst from Maggie in spite of herself.

"Why, she's hungry, poor little lady," said the younger woman. "Give her some of the cold food. You've been walking a long way, my dear. Where's your home?"

"It's Dorlcote Mill, a long way off," said Maggie. "My father is Mr. Tulliver, but we mustn't let him know where I am, or he'll take me home again. Where does the Queen of the gypsies live?"

"What! do you want to go to her, my little lady?" said the younger woman.

"No," said Maggie, "I'm only thinking that if she isn't a very good queen you might be glad when she died, and you could choose another. If I were a queen, I'd be a very good queen, and kind to everybody."

"Here's a bit of nice food," said the old woman, handing Maggie a lump of dry bread, and a piece of cold bacon.

"Thank you," said Maggie, looking at the food

without taking it; "but will you give me some bread and butter and tea instead? I don't like bacon."

"We've got no tea nor butter," said the old woman, with something like a scowl, as if she were getting tired of coaxing.

"Oh, a little bread and treacle would do," said Maggie.

"We've got no treacle," said the old woman, crossly.

Maggie trembled a little, and was afraid the tears would come into her eyes. She felt very lonely, and was quite sure she should begin to cry before long. Just then two men came up. They seemed to inquire about Maggie, for while they were talking they looked at her.

At last the younger woman said, "This little lady's come to live with us; aren't you glad?"

"Ay, very glad," said the younger man, who was looking at Maggie's silver thimble and other small things that had been taken from her pocket. He returned them all except the thimble to the young woman, who put them back in Maggie's pocket. The men seated themselves, and began

MAGGIE TULLIVER

to eat the contents of the kettle, — a stew of meat and potatoes, — which had been taken off the fire and turned into a yellow platter.

II. MAGGIE GOES HOME

Maggie began to think that Tom must be right about the gypsies; they must certainly be thieves, unless the man meant to return her thimble by and by. She would willingly have given it to him, for she was not at all attached to her thimble; but the idea that she was among thieves frightened her.

The women saw that she was frightened. "We've got nothing nice for a lady to eat," said the old woman, in her coaxing tone. "And she's so hungry, sweet little lady."

"Here, my dear, see if you can eat a bit of this," said the younger woman, handing some of the stew in a brown dish with an iron spoon to Maggie.

Remembering that the old woman had seemed angry with her for not liking the bread and bacon; she did not dare to refuse the stew. If her father would but come by in the gig and take

her up! Or even if Jack the Giantkiller, or Mr. Greatheart, or St. George who killed the dragon would happen to pass that way!

"What! you don't like the smell of it, my dear?" said the young woman, seeing that Maggie did not even take a spoonful of the stew. "Try a bit, do."

"No, thank you," said Maggie, trying to smile in a friendly way. "I haven't time, I think; it seems getting darker. I think I must go home now, and come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam-tarts."

Maggie rose from her seat, but her hope sank when the old gypsy woman said, "Stop a bit, stop a bit, little lady; we'll take you home, all safe, when we've done supper. You shall ride home, like a lady."

Maggie sat down again, with little faith in this promise, though she presently saw the tall girl putting a bridle on the donkey.

"Now, then, little missis," said the younger man, rising, and leading the donkey forward, "tell us where you live. What's the name of the place?"

"Dorlcote Mill is my home," said Maggie, eagerly. "My father is Mr. Tulliver; he lives there."

"What! the big mill a little way this side of St. Ogg's?"

"Yes," said Maggie. "Is it far off? I think I should like to walk there, if you please."

"No, no, it'll be getting dark, we must make haste. And the donkey will carry you as nice as can be; you'll see."

He lifted Maggie as he spoke, and set her on

the donkey. She felt relieved that it was not the old man who seemed to be going with her, but she had only a little hope that she was really going home.

"Here's your pretty bonnet," said the younger woman, putting it on Maggie's head; "and you'll say we've been very good to you, won't you? And what a nice little lady we said you were?"

"Oh, yes, thank you," said Maggie. "I'm very much obliged to you. But I wish you'd go with me, too."

She thought anything was better than going with one of the dreadful men alone.

"Ah, you're fondest of *me*, aren't you?" said the woman. "But I can't go; you'll go too fast for me."

It now appeared the man also was to be seated on the donkey, holding Maggie before him. When the woman had patted her on the back, and said "Good-by," the donkey set off at a rapid walk down the lane.

At last — oh, joy! — this lane, the longest in the world, was coming to an end. And there was a finger-post at the corner, — she had surely

seen that finger-post before, — "To St. Ogg's, 2 miles." The gypsy really meant to take her home, then; he was probably a good man, after all, and might have been rather hurt at the thought that she didn't like coming with him alone. She was just thinking of speaking to the gypsy, when, as they reached a cross-road, Maggie caught sight of some one coming on a white-faced horse.

"Oh, stop, stop!" she cried out. "There's my father! Oh, Father, Father!"

The sudden joy was almost painful, and before her father reached her, she was sobbing.

"Why, what's the meaning of this?" said Mr. Tulliver, stopping his horse, while Maggie slipped from the donkey and ran to her father.

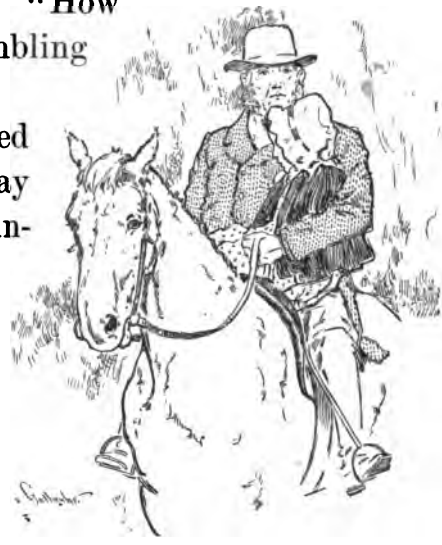
"The little miss lost herself," said the gypsy. "She'd come to our tent at the end of Dunlow Lane, and I was bringing her where she said her home was. It's a good way to come after tramping all day."

"Oh, yes, Father, he's been very good to bring me home," said Maggie, — "a very kind, good man!"

"Here, then, my man," said Mr. Tulliver, taking

out five shillings. "It's the best day's work *you* ever did. I couldn't afford to lose the little girl; here, lift her up before me."

"Why, Maggie, how's this, how's this?" he said, as they rode along. "How came you to be rambling about alone?"



"Oh, Father," sobbed Maggie, "I ran away because I was so unhappy; Tom was so angry with me."

"You mustn't think of running away from Father," said Mr. Tulliver. "What would Father do without his little girl?"

"Oh, no. I never will again, Father — never."

Mr. Tulliver spoke his mind very strongly when he reached home; and the effect was seen in the fact that Maggie never heard one reproach from her mother, nor one taunt from Tom, about her running away to the gypsies.

— GEORGE ELIOT.

LORNA DOONE AND JOHN RIDD

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I. JOHN RIDD

When I was fourteen years old I started out one day to explore the Bagworthy stream, and to catch some fish for my mother.

My sister Annie could not come with me because the water was too cold; for the winter had been long, and snow lay here and there in patches in the hollow of the banks.

I never shall forget that day, and how bitter cold the water was, for I took off my shoes and stockings and put them into a bag about my neck. I left my little coat at home, and tied my shirt sleeves back to my shoulders.

Then I took a three-pronged fork firmly bound to a rod with cords, and a piece of cloth with a

lump of bread inside it; and so went into the pebbly water, trying to think how warm it was.

For more than a mile all down the Lynn stream, scarcely a stone I left unturned, being thoroughly skilled in the tricks of the loach, and knowing how he hides himself. For, being gray-spotted and clear to see through, he will stay quite still where a bit of weed is in the rapid water, hoping to be overlooked, nor caring even to wag his tail.

Then, being disturbed, he flips away to a shelf of stone, and lies with his sharp head poked in under it; or sometimes he dives into the mud, and shows only his back ridge.

When I had travelled two miles or so, shivering with cold, and coming out to rub my legs; only fishing here and there because of the rapids,

suddenly in an open space, where meadows spread about it, I found a good stream flowing into our brook.

Here I stopped because the water was bitter cold, and my little toes were aching. I sat down on the bank and rubbed them well. Then I ate the crust of sweet brown bread, and bit of cold bacon; kicking my little red heels on the dry soil to keep them warm.

I did not like to go back now and tell Annie there were no loaches; and yet it was a frightful thing to venture, where no grown man dared go, up the Bagworthy water.

However, as I ate more and more, my spirit rose within me, and I thought of what my father had been, and how he had told me a hundred times never to be a coward. Then I grew warm, and my little heart was ashamed of its pit-a-patting, and I said to myself, "Now, if Father looks, he shall see that I obey him."

So I put the bag round my neck again, and crossing the Lynn, went stoutly up under the branches which hang so dark on the Bagworthy River.

I found it not so rocky as the Lynn, with fewer rapids. Here and there the sun came in, as if his light was sifted, dancing upon the waves, and shadowing the pebbles.

Here, although frightened often by the deep, dark places, and feeling that every step I took might never be taken backward, on the whole I had very good sport.

Now, if you have ever been fishing, you will not wonder that I was led on, forgetting all about danger, and taking no heed of the time, but shouting in a childish way whenever I caught a big fish.

But in answer to all my shouts there never was any sound at all. The place grew thicker and thicker, and the trees hung darker above me, until I thought the fishes might have a good chance of eating me, instead of my eating the fishes.

Now the day was falling fast behind the brown of the hilltops; and the leafless trees seemed giants ready to beat me.

Every moment, as the sky was clearing up for a white frost, the cold of the water got worse and worse, until I was fit to cry with it. And so, in a sorry plight, I came to an opening in the bushes where a great black pool lay in front of me.

Now, though I could swim with great ease and comfort, and did not fear deep water, I had no desire to go over head and ears into this black pool, being cramped and weary and cold. The look of this great pit was enough to stop one from diving into it, even on a hot summer's day with sunshine on the water.

As it was, I shuddered and drew back. But soon I saw the reason of the depth of the pit, as well as of the roaring sound. For climbing round one side, I came to a sudden sight, such as I never dreamed of.

For, lo! I stood at the foot of a long slide of water, coming smoothly down, without any break, for a hundred yards or more. The water neither ran nor fell, nor leaped, but made one even slope

of it, looking like a plank of deal laid down a deep black staircase.

The look of this place had a sad effect, scaring me very greatly, and making me feel that I would give something to be at home again, with Annie cooking my supper, and our dog, "Watch," snuffing upward. But nothing would come of wishing; as I had found out long ago.

Then said I to myself, "John Ridd, these trees, and pools, and lonesome rocks, and setting sun are making a coward of thee. Shall I go back to my mother so, and be called her fearless boy?"

Nevertheless, I am free to own that it was not so much a sense of shame which settled my decision, as a desire to know what made the water come down like that, and what there was at the top of it.

Therefore, seeing a hard climb before me, I tied my fish around my neck more tightly, and not stopping to look, for fear of being frightened, crawled along over the fork of rocks, and let my feet into the dip and rush of the torrent.

Then having said the Lord's Prayer, I grasped the good loach-stick under a knot, and began my

LORNA DOONE AND JOHN RIDD

course up the fearful torrent. To me it seemed half a mile at least of sliding water above me, but in truth it was little more than a furlong.

It would have been a hard climb even without the slippery rocks and the force of the river over them, and I had little hope, indeed, of ever winning the summit. Nevertheless, my terror left me, now I was face to face with it, and had to meet the worst; and I set myself to do my best.

How I went carefully, step by step, keeping my arms in front of me, and never daring to straighten my knees, is more than I can tell now, or even like to think of, because it makes me dream of it.

At last I was near the top, and hope was beating within me. I labored hard, with both legs and arms going like a mill. The rush of water, where first it came over the edge of the fall, drove me into the middle.

Then I made up my mind to die at last; for so my legs would ache no more, and my breath not pain my heart. Only it did seem a pity after fighting so long to give in. The light was coming upon me, and again I fought toward it. Then suddenly I felt fresh air, and fell into it.

II. LORNA DOONE

When I came to myself again, a little girl, kneeling at my side, was rubbing my forehead with a handkerchief.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she whispered softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her; "now you will try to be better, won't you?"

I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips while there she knelt and gazed at me. Neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large dark eyes full of pity and wonder.

Thereupon I sat upright, and was much afraid to speak to her, being conscious of my country brogue, lest she should cease to like me. But she clapped her hands, and made a dance around my back, and came to me on the other side, as if I were a great plaything.

"What is your name?" she said, as if she had every right to ask me; "and how did you come here, and what are these wet things in this great bag?"

"You had better let them alone," I said; "they

are loaches for my mother. But I will give you some, if you like."

"Dear me, how much you think of them! Why, they are only fish! But how your feet are bleeding! Oh, I must tie them up for you! And no shoes or stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?"

"No," I said, being vexed at this; "we are rich enough to buy all this great meadow, if we chose; and here are my shoes and stockings."

"Why, they are quite as wet as your feet; and I cannot bear to see your feet. Oh, please let me put them on for you! I will do it very carefully."

"Oh, I don't think much of that!" I replied. "I shall put some goose-grease on them. But how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

"Lorna Doone," she answered, in a low voice, as if afraid of it, "if you please, my name is Lorna Doone, and I thought you must have known it."

"Don't cry," I said, "whatever you do. I am sure you never did any harm. I will give you

all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for Mother; only don't be angry with me."

"Why did you ever come here?" she said at last. "Do you know what they would do to us if they found you here with me?"

"Beat us, I dare say, very hard, or me at least. They could never beat you."

"No; they would kill us both, and bury us here by the water."

"But what should they kill me for?"

"Because you have found the way up here, and they never could believe it. Now please go; oh, please go! They will kill us both in a moment. Yes, I like you very much"—for I was teasing her to say it—"very much indeed, and I will call you John Ridd, if you like; only please go, John. And when your feet are well, you know, you can come and tell me how they are."

"But I tell you, Lorna, I like you very much indeed, nearly as much as Annie, and a great deal more than Lizzie. I never saw any one like you; and I must come back again to-morrow, and so must you to see me. I will bring you such lots of things—there are apples still, and a thrush

I caught with only one leg broken, and our dog has just had puppies — "

"Oh dear! they won't let me have a dog. There is not a dog in the valley. They say they are such noisy things — "

"Only put your hand in mine, — what little things they are, Lorna! — and I will bring you the loveliest dog; I will show you how long he is."

"Hush!" A shout came down the valley; and my heart was trembling, and Lorna's face was changed from pleasant play to terror.

"Come with me down the waterfall," I cried. "I can carry you easily; and my mother will take care of you."

"No! no!" she answered, as I took her up. "I will tell you what to do. They are only looking for me. You see that hole, — that hole there?"

She pointed to a little niche in a rock about fifty yards away from us. In the twilight I could just see it.

"Yes, I see it; but they will see me crossing the grass to get there."

"Look! look!" She could hardly speak.

"There is a way out from the top of it; they would kill me if I told it. Oh, here they come! I can see them."

The little maid turned as white as the snow which hung on the rocks above her, and she looked at the water and then at me, and she cried, "Oh dear! oh dear!" Then she began to sob.

But I drew her behind the bushes, and close down to the water. Here they could not see either of us from the upper valley, and might have sought a long time for us, even when they came quite near, if the trees had been clad with their summer clothes.

Crouching in that hollow nest, I saw a dozen fierce men come down on the other side of the water. "Queen! Queen!" they were shouting; and now and then, "Where is our little queen gone?"

"They always call me 'Queen,' and I am to be queen by and by," Lorna whispered to me. "Oh, they are crossing by the timber there, and then they are sure to see us."

"Stop," said I; "now I see what to do: I must get into the water, and you must go to sleep."

"To be sure, yes, away in the meadow. But how bitter cold it will be for you!"

She saw in a moment the way to do it, sooner than I could tell her; and there was no time to lose.

"Now remember, you must never come again," she whispered over her shoulder, as she crept away. "Only I shall come sometimes — oh, here they are!"

Hardly daring to breathe, I crept into the water, and lay down in it, with my head between two stones. Lorna lay beneath a rock, thirty or forty yards from me, feigning to be asleep, with her hair covering her face.

Presently one of the great rough men came round a corner upon her; and there he stopped and gazed awhile at her. Then he caught her up in his arms, and kissed her.

"Here our queen is! Here's the queen! here's the captain's daughter!" he shouted to his comrades, "fast asleep and hearty!"

He set her dainty little form upon his great square shoulders, and her narrow feet in one broad hand, and so marched away, with the pur-

ple velvet of her skirt ruffling in his long black beard.

Going up that darkened glen, little Lorna, riding still the largest and most fierce of them, turned and put up a hand to me, and I put up a hand to her, in the thick of the mist and the willows.

I crept into a bush for warmth, rubbed my shivering legs on some bark, and longed for my mother's fagot fire.

Then as daylight sank below the forget-me-not of stars, I knew that now must be my time to get away, if there were any way.

—Richard D. Blackmore.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:
From my heart I give thee joy —
I was once a barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,

Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

— JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

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I. TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

Alice wandered on, talking to herself as she went, till, on turning a sharp corner, she came upon two fat little men, so suddenly that she

could not help starting back. In another moment she recovered herself, feeling sure that they must be Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

They were standing under a tree, each with an arm round the other's neck, and Alice knew which was which in a moment, because one of them had "DUM" embroidered on his collar, and the other "DEE." "I suppose they've each got 'TWEEDLE' round at the back of the collar," she said to herself.

They stood so still that she quite forgot they were alive, and she was just going round to see if the word "TWEEDLE" was written at the back of each collar, when she was startled by a voice coming from the one marked "DUM."

"If you think we're waxworks," he said, "you ought to pay, you know. Waxworks weren't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!"

"Contrariwise," added the one marked "DEE," "if you think we're alive, you ought to speak."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry" was all Alice could say; for the words of the old song kept ringing through her head like the ticking of a clock, and she could hardly help saying them out loud: —

"Tweedledum and Tweedledee
Agreed to have a battle;
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

"Just then flew down a monstrous crow,
As black as a tar-barrel;
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel."

"I know what you're thinking about," said Tweedledum; "but it isn't so, nohow."

"Contrariwise," continued Tweedledee, "if it was so, it might be; and if it were so, it would be; but as it isn't, it isn't. That's logic."

"I was thinking," Alice said very politely, "which is the best way out of this wood. It's getting so dark. Would you tell me, please?"

But the fat little men only looked at each other and grinned.

They looked so exactly like a couple of great schoolboys, that Alice couldn't help pointing her finger at Tweedledum, and saying "First Boy!"

"Nohow!" Tweedledum cried out briskly, and shut his mouth up again with a snap.

"Next Boy!" said Alice, passing on to Tweedledee, though she felt quite certain he would only shout out "Contrariwise!" and so he did.

"You've begun wrong!" cried Tweedledum. "The first thing in a visit is to say 'How do you do?' and shake hands!" And here the two brothers gave each other a hug, and then they held out the two hands that were free, to shake hands with her.

Alice did not like shaking hands with either of them first, for fear of hurting the other one's feelings; so, as the best way out of the difficulty, she took hold of both hands at once. The next moment they were dancing round in a ring.

This seemed quite natural (she remembered afterward), and she was not even surprised to hear music playing. It seemed to come from the tree under which they were dancing, and it was done (as well as she could make it out) by the branches rubbing one across the other, like fiddles and fiddle-sticks.

"But it certainly *was* funny" (Alice said afterward, when she was telling her sister the history of all this), "to find myself singing '*Here we go*

round the mulberry bush.' I don't know when I began it, but somehow I felt as if I'd been singing it a long, long time!"

The other dancers were fat, and very soon out of breath. "Four times round is enough for one dance," Tweedledum panted out, and they left off dancing as suddenly as they had begun. The music stopped at the same moment.

Then they let go of Alice's hands, and stood looking at her for a minute. There was a rather awkward pause, as Alice didn't know how to begin a conversation with people she had just been dancing with. "It would never do to say 'How do you do?' *now*," she said to herself, "we seem to have got beyond that, somehow!"

"I hope you're not much tired?" she said at last.

"Nohow. And thank you *very* much for asking," said Tweedledum.

"So *much* obliged!" added Tweedledee. "Do you like poetry?"

"Ye-es, pretty well—*some* poetry," Alice said doubtfully. "Will you tell me which road leads out of the wood?"

"What shall I repeat to her?" said Tweedledee, looking round at Tweedledum with great solemn eyes, and not noticing Alice's question.

"'The Walrus and the Carpenter' is the longest," Tweedledum replied, giving his brother an affectionate hug.

Tweedledee began instantly: —

"*The sun was shining on the sea,*
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

"*The moon was shining sulkily,*
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
'It's very rude of him,' she said,
'To come and spoil the fun!'"

Here Alice ventured to interrupt him. "If it's *very* long," she said, as politely as she could, "would you please tell me first which road —"

Here she checked herself in some alarm, at hearing something that sounded to her like the puffing of a large steam-engine in the wood near them, though she feared it was more likely to be a wild beast.

"Are there any lions or tigers about here?" she asked timidly.

"It's only the Red King snoring," said Tweedledee.

"Come and look at him!" the brothers cried,

and they each took one of Alice's hands and led her up to where the King was sleeping.

"Isn't he a *lovely* sight?" said Tweedledum.

Alice couldn't say honestly that he was. He

had a tall red nightcap on, with a tassel, and he was lying crumpled up into a sort of untidy heap, and snoring loud—"fit to snore his head off!" as Tweedledum remarked.

"I'm afraid he'll catch cold with lying on the damp grass," said Alice, who was a very thoughtful little girl.

"He's dreaming now," said Tweedledee: "and what do you think he's dreaming about?"

Alice said, "Nobody can guess that."

"Why, about *you!*" Tweedledee exclaimed, clapping his hands. "And if he left off dreaming about you, where do you suppose you'd be?"

"Where I am now, of course," said Alice.

"Not you!" Tweedledee retorted. "You'd be nowhere. Why, you're only a sort of thing in his dream!"

"If that King was to wake," added Tweedledum, "you'd go out—bang!—just like a candle!"

"I shouldn't!" Alice exclaimed indignantly. "Besides, if *I'm* only a sort of thing in his dream, what are *you*, I should like to know?"

"Ditto," said Tweedledum.

"Ditto, ditto!" cried Tweedledee.

He shouted this so loud that Alice couldn't help saying, "Hush! You'll be waking him, I'm afraid, if you make so much noise."

"Well, it's no use *your* talking about waking him," said Tweedledum, "when you're only one of the things in his dream. You know very well you are not real."

"I *am* real!" said Alice, and began to cry.

"You won't make yourself a bit realler by crying," Tweedledee remarked: "there's nothing to cry about."

"If I wasn't real," Alice said — half laughing through her tears, it all seemed so ridiculous — "I shouldn't be able to cry."

"I hope you don't suppose those are *real* tears?" Tweedledum interrupted, in a tone of great contempt.

II. THE BATTLE

"I know they're talking nonsense," Alice thought to herself; "and it's foolish to cry about it." So she brushed away her tears, and went on, as cheerfully as she could, "At any rate I'd better be getting out of the wood, for really

it's coming on very dark. Do you think it's going to rain?"

Tweedledum spread a large umbrella over himself and his brother, and looked up into it. "No, I don't think it is," he said; "at least — not under *here*. Nohow."

"But it may rain *outside?*"

"It may — if it chooses," said Tweedledee; "we have no objection: Contrariwise."

"Selfish things!" thought Alice, and she was just going to say "good-night" and leave them, when Tweedledum sprang out from under the umbrella and seized her by the wrist.

"Do you see *that?*" he said, in a voice choking with passion, and his eyes grew large and yellow all in a moment, as he pointed with a trembling finger at a small white thing lying under a tree.

"It's only a rattle," Alice said, after a careful examination of the little white thing. "Not a rattle-*snake*, you know," she added hastily, thinking that he was frightened; "only an old rattle — quite old and broken."

"I knew it was!" cried Tweedledum, beginning to stamp about wildly and tear his hair. "It's

spoilt, of course!" Here he looked at Tweedledee, who immediately sat down on the ground, and tried to hide himself under the umbrella.

Alice laid her hand upon his arm, and said, in a soothing tone, "You needn't be so angry about an old rattle."

"But it *isn't* old!" Tweedledum cried, in a greater fury than ever. "It's *new*, I tell you — I bought it yesterday — my nice NEW RATTLE!" and his voice rose to a perfect scream.

All this time Tweedledee was trying his best to fold up the umbrella, with himself in it; which was such an extraordinary thing to do, that it quite took off Alice's attention from the angry brother.

But he could'nt quite succeed, and it ended in his rolling over, bundled up in the umbrella, with only his head out; and there he lay, opening and shutting his mouth and his large eyes — "looking more like a fish than anything else," Alice thought.

"Of course you agree to have a battle?" Tweedledum said, in a calmer tone.

"I suppose so," the other replied as he crawled out of the umbrella; "only *she* must help us to dress up, you know."

So the two brothers went off hand-in-hand into the wood, and returned in a minute with their arms full of things — such as bolsters, blankets, hearth-rugs, table-cloths, dish-covers, and coal-scuttles. "I hope you're a good hand at pinning and tying strings?" Tweedledum remarked. "Every one of these things has got to go on, somehow or other."

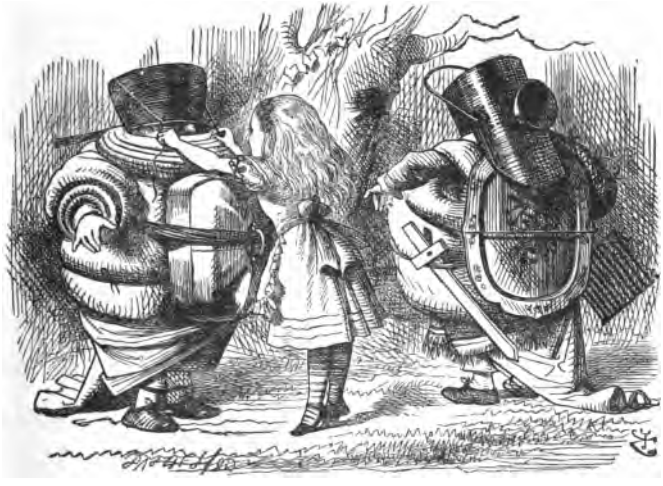
Alice said afterward she had never seen such a fuss made about anything in all her life — the way those two bustled about — and the quantity of things they put on — and the trouble they gave her in tying strings and fastening buttons

— "Really they'll be more like bundles of old clothes than anything else by the time they're ready!" she said to herself, as she arranged a bolster round the neck of Tweedledee, "to keep his head from being cut off," as he said.

"You know," he added very gravely, "it's one of the most serious things that can possibly happen to one in a battle — to get one's head cut off."

Alice laughed aloud; but she managed to turn it into a cough, for fear of hurting his feelings.

"Do I look very pale?" said Tweedledum, coming up to have his helmet tied on. (He *called*



it a helmet, though it certainly looked more like a saucepan.)

"Well — yes — a *little*," Alice replied gently.

"I'm very brave, generally," he went on in a low voice; "only, to-day I happen to have a headache."

"And *I've* got a toothache!" said Tweedledee, who had overheard the remark. "I'm far worse than you!"

"Then you'd better not fight to-day," said Alice, thinking it a good opportunity to make peace.

"We *must* have a bit of a fight, but I don't care about going on long," said Tweedledum. "What is the time now?"

Tweedledee looked at his watch, and said, "Half-past four."

"Let's fight till six, and then have dinner," said Tweedledum.

"Very well," the other said, rather sadly; "and *she* can watch us—only you'd better not come very close," he added; "I generally hit everything I can see — when I get really excited."

"And *I* hit everything within reach," cried Tweedledum, "whether I can see it or not!"

Alice laughed. "You must hit the *trees* pretty often, I should think," she said.

Tweedledum looked round him with a satisfied smile. "I don't suppose," he said, "there'll be a tree left standing, for ever so far round by the time we've finished!"

"And all about a rattle!" said Alice, hoping to make them ashamed of fighting for such a trifle.

"I shouldn't have minded it so much," said Tweedledum, "if it hadn't been a new one."

"I wish the monstrous crow would come!" thought Alice.

"There's only one sword, you know," Tweedledum said to his brother; "but *you* can have the umbrella, it's quite as sharp. Only we must begin quick. It's getting as dark as it can."

It was getting dark so suddenly that Alice thought there must be a thunder-storm coming on. "What a thick black cloud that is!" she said. "And how fast it comes! Why, it's got wings!"

"It's the crow!" Tweedledum cried out in a shrill voice of alarm; and the two brothers took to their heels and were out of sight in a moment.

—Lewis Carroll.

THE LAMP OF ALADDIN

mā ġĭ'cian	dĭ rĕc'tĕd	măġ'ĭ ca̤l
Af'rĭ ca̤n	dāi̸n'tĭe̸s̤	ĕm'ẽr a̤lds̤
prē tĕn'dĕd	dĕs pâi̸r'	ġē'nĭe̸
păl'ā cĕs̤	dī'a̤ mȯnds̤	gōld'smĭth
pru'dĕnçe̸	ĭm pā'tient	nĭche̸

I. THE MAGICIAN

Aladdin was the son of a poor tailor who lived in the capital of China. He was very careless and idle, and liked play much better than work.

His father died while he was quite young, but Aladdin was not ashamed to let his mother support him.

One day as he was playing in the street, a stranger, passing by, stopped and looked at him. This man was a famous African magician. After looking at the boy for some time, he went up to him and said, "My boy, are you not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?"

"Yes," said Aladdin, "but my father has been dead for some time."

The magician threw his arms around the boy's neck, and pretended to weep. "Alas!" he cried "I am your father's brother. I have been many years abroad; and now, when I have come home with the hope of seeing him, you tell me that he is dead!"

Then asking Aladdin where his mother lived, he gave the lad a handful of silver, and told him that he would come and sup with him.

Aladdin ran home to his mother, and told her the story. The woman said that she had never heard his father speak of a brother; but as the stranger had given him so much money, she would prepare the supper.

In the evening the stranger came, bringing with him all kinds of fine fruits, and they sat down to supper.

While they were eating, the magician pretended to admire Aladdin very much. "He must look like his father," he said, "for I knew him the moment I saw him." Then turning to the boy, he asked him what trade he had chosen.

Aladdin, who was ashamed that he could not answer such a question, hung down his head, and

blushed. His mother, however, replied that he was an idle fellow, who would do nothing but play in the streets.

"This is not well, my child," the magician answered. You must think of helping yourself, and earning a living. I will help you as much as I can. I will take a shop, and furnish it for you."

Aladdin was delighted with the idea, for he thought there was very little work in keeping a shop. He thanked his new uncle, and told him that he should like that better than anything else.

The next day the magician called upon them very early in the morning. He took Aladdin out with him and gave him handsome clothes, and a pocketful of money. He also took him to visit the shops, and in the evening gave him a feast.

When Aladdin's mother saw him so handsomely dressed, she was very happy. "My dear Brother," she said to the magician, "how can I thank you for your kindness?"

The magician replied, "Aladdin is a good boy. We shall no doubt be proud of him some day. As to-morrow will be Friday, and the shops will

THE LAMP OF ALADDIN

be closed, I will take the lad to see the gardens outside the town."

In the morning Aladdin was so impatient to set out, that he could hardly wait for his uncle to come.

As soon as he saw him he ran to meet him. The magician greeted him kindly, and said with a smile, "You will see many wonderful things to-day."

They went first to the gardens belonging to the palaces. Aladdin, never having seen anything so beautiful, was delighted, and wandered about until he was tired.

Then the magician proposed that they should sit down and rest. He gave Aladdin some cakes and fruit which he had brought in a basket, and when he had eaten all that he wished they walked on through the country.

At length they came to a valley between two high mountains. The magician told Aladdin he would show him some wonderful things. He then collected some dry sticks and made a fire, into which he cast a perfume, while he pronounced some magical words.

The earth immediately trembled and opened, showing a stone with a ring in it. Aladdin was so frightened at what he saw, that he would have run away, but the magician caught and held him.

"Under this stone," said the magician, "a treasure is hidden, which may be yours if you will do exactly as I tell you." Then, placing a ring on the boy's finger, he told him to pronounce the name of his father and grandfather and raise the stone. Aladdin did as he was directed, and removed the stone with great ease; then he saw at his feet a

hole many feet deep, and steps to descend into the earth.

"Listen carefully to what I am going to say to you," said the magician. "Though I have opened this cave, I cannot enter it; but you may do so. You will find at the foot of these steps three great halls, in each of which you will see a large number of chests full of gold and silver. Be sure you do not touch them. If you do, you will die instantly. Next you will come to a garden. Here you will be perfectly safe, and may handle anything you see. At the end of the hall you will find a lamp burning in a niche. Take the lamp down, throw away the wick, pour out the oil, put the lamp in your bosom, and bring it to me."

Aladdin obeyed his supposed uncle. He went carefully through the halls; crossed the garden; secured the lamp, and then began to look about him.

He found the trees were loaded with fruits of many colors; some white, others red, green, blue, purple, and yellow. Aladdin thought they were only colored glass, but they were so beautiful that he filled his pockets with some of each kind. He

then returned through the halls; ascended the steps, and called to his uncle to pull him out of the cave.

The magician had no intention of helping Aladdin out of the cave; so when the boy called for help he called as loudly for the lamp.

Aladdin would have given it to him if it had not been buried under the glass fruits he had picked from the trees. He was ashamed to tell this to his uncle, so he called again and again for help.

Suddenly the magician turned his head, and saw some people coming toward him from the city. He was so much afraid of being seen by them, and so angry at Aladdin for not giving him the lamp when he demanded it, that he pronounced two magical words, which replaced the stone and closed the earth.

In this way he lost all hope of obtaining the lamp, since it was out of his power to open the cave again. So he set off at once for his own country, taking care not to return to the city, for fear some one would ask him about his pretended nephew.

II. THE GENIE

Aladdin was very much frightened to find himself shut into the cave. He cried out, and called to his uncle, offering to give him the lamp at once; but it was too late. As the cave was dark, he thought of returning through the halls into the garden. Alas, the door was shut!

In his distress, he clasped his hands together, and rubbed the ring which the magician had put on his finger.

Immediately an enormous genie rose out of the earth, with a torch in his hand, which lighted the cave as if the sun were shining in it. "What do you wish?" he said. "I am ready to obey you as your slave, while you wear that ring."

At another time Aladdin would have been frightened at such a sight, but despair gave him courage. He replied, "I charge you, by the ring, if you are able, to release me from this place."

He had no sooner spoken, than the earth opened; the genie lifted him up to the surface, and disappeared. The earth closed again at the same instant.

Aladdin was delighted to be free. He found his way home without much difficulty, and told his mother the story of his adventures.

The next morning when Aladdin waked up he was very hungry, and called to his mother for some breakfast.

"Alas! my child," she said, "I have been so unhappy because you did not return, that I have not been able to do any work. Now I have no

money to buy food; and all I had in the house you ate yesterday. But," she added, "here is the lamp you brought home, and which nearly cost you your life; it seems to be a very good one. I will clean it, and perhaps we can sell it for a little money."

So she took some sand, and began to rub the lamp, when, in an instant, an enormous genie stood before her, and said, "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you as your slave. I am the slave of all those who hold that lamp in their hands."

Aladdin's mother fainted at the sight of the genie; but her son caught the lamp out of her hand, and said, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat."

The genie disappeared; and returned with a large silver basin containing twelve silver plates full of the choicest dainties. Having placed these things on the table, he disappeared.

When Aladdin's mother recovered, she was very much pleased to see so much food. But when her son told her that rubbing the lamp had caused the genie to appear, she said, "Let us sell it

at once. I do not care to have such a thing in my house."

Young as Aladdin was, he had more prudence. "No, indeed," he replied. "The lamp will be very useful to us. I am not afraid of the genie, and I will rub the lamp when you are not at home."

"As you please," said his mother, "but I will have nothing to do with it."

The next day, the provisions being all gone, Aladdin took one of the plates, and went to a merchant to sell it. The merchant saw that it was of the purest silver, but thinking the owner did not know its value, he offered a piece of gold for it.

Aladdin thought he had made a good bargain. He gave the money to his mother, and they lived upon it as long as it lasted.

Aladdin then sold another plate, and so on till they had only the basin left. This being very large, the merchant gave him two pieces for it, which supported them for a long time.

When all the money was spent, Aladdin again rubbed the lamp, and the genie supplied the table

with another silver basin and the same number of silver plates filled with dainties.

The provisions being eaten, Aladdin was going, as before, with one of the plates to the merchant, when a goldsmith called to him and asked him if he had anything to sell. "You go often," said he, "to that merchant who is dishonest; if you deal with him, he will certainly cheat you."

Aladdin showed his plate. The goldsmith weighed it, and gave him sixty pieces of gold for it. The lad thanked the honest shopkeeper, to whom he afterward sold the other plates and the basin.

Soon he became acquainted with the merchants and goldsmiths of the city, and learned the value of the stones he had brought from the cave. Instead of being bits of colored glass, they were diamonds, pearls, emeralds, and rubies.

Aladdin was now very rich, but he was no longer lazy and selfish. He spent all of his time working and studying, and lived very happily with his mother in their old home for many years.

— Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

Iṣ'rā ĕl	Ish'mā ĕl ītɸs	shēɸvɸs
Reu'bĕn	Mĭd'ĭ ăn ītɸs	prŏs'pĕr ɸŭs
E gўp'tian	Phā'rɸōh	rē būkɸd'
brĕth'rĕn	myrrh	wĭl'dĕr nĕss

Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colours.

And his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren; and they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren; and they hated him yet the more.

And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed:

For, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves came round about, and bowed down to my sheaf.

And his brethren said to him, Shalt thou indeed reign over us? Or shalt thou indeed have

power over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dream, and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it to his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed yet a dream; and, behold, the sun and the moon and eleven stars bowed down to me.

And he told it to his father, and to his brethren; and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?

And his brethren envied him; but his father kept the saying in mind.

And his brethren went to feed their father's flock.

And Israel said unto Joseph, Do not thy brethren feed the flock? come, and I will send thee unto them. And he said to him, Here am I.

And he said to him, Go now, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flock; and bring me word again.

And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them.

And they saw him afar off, and even before he

came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him.

And they said one to another, Behold, this dreamer cometh.

Come now therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into one of the pits, and we will say, An evil beast hath devoured him: and we shall see what will become of his dreams.

And Reuben heard it, and delivered him out of their hands; and said, Let us not take his life.

And Reuben said unto them, Shed no blood; cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, but lay no hand upon him: that he might deliver him out of their hand, to restore him to his father.

And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stripped Joseph of his coat, the coat of many colours that was on him;

And they took him, and cast him into the pit: and the pit was empty, there was no water in it.

And they sat down to eat bread: and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a travelling company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with

their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt.

And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother and conceal his blood?

Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother, our flesh. And his brethren hearkened unto him.

And there passed by Midianites, merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver. And they brought Joseph into Egypt.

And Reuben returned into the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes.

And he returned unto his brethren, and said, The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?

And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a he-goat, and dipped the coat in the blood;

And they sent the coat of many colours, and they brought it to their father; and said, This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or not.

And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt torn in pieces.

And Jacob rent his garments, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days.

And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted; and he said, For I will go down to the grave to my son mourning. And his father wept for him.

And the Midianites sold Joseph into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, the captain of the guard.

And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man; and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian.

And his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand.

And Joseph found grace in his sight, and he ministered unto him: and he made him overseer over his house, and all that he had he put into his hand.

—Genesis xxxvii 3-36; xxxix 2-4.

NOTES ON THE STORIES AND POEMS

(To be read by teachers and pupils)

Alice in Wonderland was written by Lewis Carroll (Charles Dodgson) (1832–1898), an English author.

This story, which is one of the most delightful of all stories for children, describes the adventures of a little girl who follows a rabbit into Wonderland. Among her strange comrades of that land are the White Rabbit, the Cheshire Cat, the Walrus, and the Carpenter; as well as the March Hare and the Hatter, which afford us entertainment in this selection.

Nurse's Song. This poem was written by William Blake (1757–1827), who wrote delightfully for children, in "Songs of Innocence." Among the "Songs" are "The Child and the Piper," "The Laughing Song," and "The Little Lamb." These poems may well be read to the children.

Lullaby of an Infant Chief was written by Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832), the celebrated author of the Waverley Novels, and of many beautiful poems.

The Snow-Image is one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's (1804–1864) charming stories for children. He was one of the two or three most celebrated American writers of prose fiction, and he wrote for both old and young. The children should also read "Tanglewood Tales" and "Grandfather's Chair."

At the Back of the North Wind was written by George Macdonald (1824–), a Scotch novelist, who wrote also several stories for children. Among them are "The Princess and Curdie" and "The Princess and the Goblin."

"At the Back of the North Wind" tells the story of a little boy who, in a severe illness, imagined himself on a journey to this unreal country. After his return and partial recovery he spent his life in helping others in his own peculiar way.

Tiny Tim's Christmas Dinner. Charles Dickens (1812–1870), one of the most noted of English novelists, wrote many stories which children understand and enjoy. His characters seem to live and move, and the reader almost unconsciously numbers them among his friends. "Little Nell," "David Copperfield," "Paul Dombey," "Pip," and "Oliver Twist," are some of his child creations, and their fortunes and misfortunes appeal keenly to the child reader.

The Little Lame Prince was written by Dinah Mulock Craik (1826–1887), an English author. This selection tells how a prince who was confined in a lonely tower by a cruel uncle was amused and instructed by his fairy godmother. The children should read the entire story to learn of his escape from imprisonment and his noble life when in the world.

Jackanapes was written by Juliana Horatia Ewing (1841–1885), an Englishwoman, who wrote charming stories for both old and young. The little lad who rode the gypsy's pony so fearlessly showed his courage in battle when he grew older, and saved the life of a friend.

Rollo delighted many children of an earlier generation, when

children's books were rare; and they followed with interest his school life and home life, his work and play, and his travels in foreign lands. The books were written by Jacob Abbott (1803–1879), an American author, who wrote also many other books for children.

The Water-Babies, a Fairy Tale for a Land-Baby, was written by Charles Kingsley (1819–1875), an English author, who wrote also "Greek Heroes," and other stories for children.

Tom, the water-baby, was a little chimney-sweep who became so frightened over a chance misdoing of his own, that he jumped into a brook. Here he lived happily, making many friends and some foes among the water-folk, until he finally journeyed to the sea and made the acquaintance of other water-babies.

Gluck's Visitor. This is a selection from "The King of the Golden River," a delightful story for children, by John Ruskin (1819–1900), who wrote many books in most beautiful English about matters in which he thought he could help men and women.

This tale tells how, after the destruction of the Treasure Valley, little Gluck and his two brothers attempt to turn the river which flowed from the ruined valley into gold, and thus regain their wealth. The wicked brothers lose their lives, but Gluck succeeds.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod. Eugene Field (1850–1895), an American author, wrote delightful stories and poems for children. Two collections of his poems are called "With Trumpet and Drum," and "Love Songs of Childhood." Many of the

verses were written for or about his own children, whom he dearly loved.

Cosette is a selection from the famous novel "Les Misérables," written by the French author, Victor Hugo (1802–1885). "Les Misérables" is in no way a story for children, but these few pages from the book illustrate the author's knowledge of human nature, even in little folks, and his power in picturing the hopes and fears of childhood.

Maggie Tulliver is a selection from "The Mill on the Floss." George Eliot (1819–1880), who wrote this story, was one of the most successful of women story-tellers. Her real name was Marian Evans. "The Mill on the Floss" is not a story for children, but the first part of the book describes the childhood of the author, and has all the interest which centres about an artistic narrative of childhood.

Alice through the Looking-Glass. This is the same little girl who wandered through Wonderland. In this story Alice passes in a dream through a looking-glass into a strange land, where she meets equally strange people and animals. The Red Queen and the White Queen, Humpty Dumpty, and the Jabberwock have come to be familiar characters in child literature.

The Barefoot Boy was written by John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892), the Quaker poet. This poem describes the surroundings of his own boyhood, which was spent on a farm near Haverhill, Massachusetts.

Lorna Doone was written by Richard D. Blackmore (1825–1900), an English novelist. The story is not one for children, but it contains many beautiful descriptions of English scenery,

and this account of a boy's adventures interests both boys and girls.

Casabianca. Mrs. Felicia D. Hemans (1793–1835), was an Englishwoman who wrote many poems, two of which have made her name famous: "Casabianca," and "The Landing of the Pilgrims." The former describes an incident in the Battle of the Nile, in 1798. Casabianca's name was Giacomo Jocante Casabianca. His father was captain of one of the ships, *L' Orient*, in the French fleet, and both father and son lost their lives in the battle.

The Lamp of Aladdin is a part of a traditional version of the story of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp." The tale of Aladdin is one of the most famous of an Oriental collection called "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The adventures of Aladdin after he grew to be a young man are even more remarkable than this tale of his childhood, and they all came about through his possession of the magical lamp.

VOCABULARY

ă brŭpt′lў, suddenly.
ăd vȧn′tāge, benefit; gain; profit.
ăd vĕn′tūre, fortune; that which happens.
ăf fĕc′tion (shŭn) **āte**, loving; fond.
Af′rĭ cȧn, a native of Africa.
ȧ māze′mȩnt, astonishment; surprise.
ăn′chȯred, held by an anchor.
ăp′pē tīte, desire; desire for food or drink.
ăp poin′tĕd, named; chosen; selected.
ăp prōach′ĭng, drawing near.
ȧ rouṣed′, awakened; excited.
ăs′pĕct, view; look.
ȧs sĭs′tĕd, helped; aided.
ȧ vȯid′ĕd, shunned; kept away from.
âwk′wȧrd, clumsy; ungraceful.

bā′cȯn, salted and dried pork.
băr′rĕn, not fertile; sterile.
bēa′vēr, a small animal that lives near rivers and lakes.
bē hāv′ĭȯr, manners; deportment.
brākes, large ferns.
breāk′ērṣ, waves broken into foam.
brĕth′rĕn, brothers.
brōgue, dialect; manner of pronunciation.
bruised (brōōṣd), injured.
bŭr′rōwṣ, holes in ground dug by animals.

căr·ȧ văn, a large covered wagon for travel.
cär′nĭ vȧl, a feast; a revelry.
căr′ȯl, a song.
Căr rä′rä, a town in Italy, famous for marble quarries.
căv′ērn, a cave; a den.
chăn′tĭ clēer, a cock.
Chĕsh′ĭre, a county in England.
çĭn′dērṣ, embers; ashes; unconsumed coal.
çĭv′ĭl, courteous; polite.
cōax′ĭng, persuading.
cō′cōa nŭt, a nut of the cocoa tree.
cȯm′for (fēr) **tēr**, a knitted woollen scarf.
cŏm păn′ĭȯn, a comrade; a mate.
cŏn clud′ (clŏd) **ĕd**, decided; judged.
cŏn fūṣed′, disordered; perplexed.
cȯn sĭd′ēred, pondered; reflected; thought.
cȯn tĕn′tĕd, satisfied.
cŏn vēr sā′tion (shȯn), familiar talk.
cȯrk′screw (scrö), a tool used in drawing corks.
cow′ȧrd, one who lacks courage.
crē āt′ĭng, producing; making.
crĭp′ple, one who is lame or deformed.
crouch′ĭng, bending; stooping.
crŭtch, a staff; a support in walking.
cup board (cŭb′ĕrd), a closet for dishes.
cū rĭ ŏs′ĭ tў, inquisitiveness.
cúsh′ion (ŭn), a pillow.

dāin′tĭeṣ, delicacies; something delicious.

dĕaf'-mūte, one who is deaf and dumb.
dē cis'ĭon (sizh ọn), determination; resolution.
dĕl'ĭ cāte, dainty; charming.
dē pär'tūre, act of leaving; going away.
dē scĕnd'ĕd, went down; fell.
dē ṣērved, merited; entitled to.
dĕs păir, lack of hope.
dī'ạ mónds, precious stones.
dĭ rĕc'tĕd, told; instructed.
dĭs ăp poin'tĕd, baffled; frustrated.
dĭs con tĕn'tĕd, dissatisfied; unquiet.
dĭṣ'mạl, gloomy; cheerless.
dĭs pōṣed', inclined; minded.
dĭṣ sŏlved', melted.
dĭs turbed' (tĕrbd), troubled; agitated.
dôr'mouse, a small animal living in Europe and Asia.
doubt'fụl, uncertain; vague.
dōz'ĭng, sleeping.
drăg'ọn-flȳ, a four-winged insect.
drēar'ȳ, gloomy; dismal.
drought, dryness; lack of rain.
dŭmb, mute; silent.

E gȳp'tian (shŭn), a native of Egypt.
ĕm broi'dĕred, decorated with needle-work.
ĕm'ĕr ạld, a precious stone, green in color.
ĕn grāved', carved.
ē nôr'moŭs, very large; huge.
ēr'mĭne, a valuable white fur.
ĕs côr'tĕd, guided; accompanied.
ĕx ăm ĭ nā'tion (shŭn), trial; test.
ĕx cēed'ĭng lȳ, extremely; greatly; very much.
ĕx cīte'mẹ̈nt, agitation; commotion.
ĕx plā nā'tion (shŭn), description; account.
ĕx plōre', search; discover.
ĕx traôr'dĭ nā rȳ, uncommon.

feign'ĭng (fān), pretending; inventing.
fĭd'dle-stĭcks, sticks used in playing a fiddle.
fiērçe'lȳ, violently; furiously.
flā'vọr, taste; relish.
flĕcks, spots; specks.
floun'dĕred, tumbled about.
fōe'mạn, an enemy.
fôr lôrn', lost; deserted; forsaken.
fôr wărd, in advance.
frăṇc, a French coin worth about nineteen cents.
fur'lông (fēr), a distance of forty rods.

ġĕn'ẽr oŭs, liberal; abundant.
ġē'nĭe, an imaginary being.
ġē ŏg'rạ phȳ, the science of the earth's surface.
ġi'ạnt, an imaginary being of enormous size.
glā'cier (shĭẽr), a river of ice.
glēam'ĭng, beaming; flashing.
glĭt'tẽr ĭng, sparkling; glistening.
glōam'ĭng, twilight; dusk.
gnăt, a small two-winged fly.
gōld'smĭth, an artisan in gold.
grăd'ū ạl, moderate; slow.
grăn'deụr, magnificence; splendor.
grăv'ĭ tȳ, seriousness.
griēv'ĭng, mourning; lamenting.
grŭf'flȳ, sternly, harshly.
grŭm'bled, complained; scolded.

hăr'nĕs sĭng, putting on a harness.
heärth, part of floor just before fire.
hĕr'rĭng, a salt-water fish.
hĭl'lŏck, a small hill.

hŏb, a shelf in a fireplace.
hŏl'lў, a small evergreen tree having red berries.
hŏn'ĕs tў, sincerity ; truth.

īçe'bērg, a floating mass of ice.
ī'çĭ cle, a pendant mass of ice tapering to a point.
Ig'nō rąnçe, want of knowledge.
Im ăġ'ĭ ną ble, conceivable.
Im ăġ ĭ nā'tion (shŭn), fancy.
Im pā'tient (shęnt), uneasy.
Im pres sion (presh'un), notion ; belief.
In dĭg'nąnt lў, angrily.
In'ju rў (jo͝o), harm ; hurt.
In quīre', search ; ask ; question.
In sĭst', assert ; urge.
In'stąnt lў, immediately ; at once.
In tĕn'dĭng, designing ; proposing.
In tĕr rŭpt', break off ; hinder ; disturb.
is sued (ish'o͝od), came forth ; flowed out.

jăg'ū ăr, a carnivorous animal.

knŏwl'ĕdġe, that which is known ; learning.
knŭc kle, a joint.

lā bur'nŭm (bĕr), a small tree.
läun'drĕss, a washerwoman.
lĕop'ą̈rd, the largest spotted cat of the Old World.
lĭn'dĕn, a tree.
lōach, a small European fish.
lō'cŭst, an insect, often called a grasshopper.
lŭx'ū rў, extravagance ; a dainty.

măġ'ĭ cąl, supernatural.
mă ġĭ'cian (shųn), one skilled in magic.
măn'ă ġēr, one who directs or controls.
meas'ūr ĭng (mezh'), ascertaining the length.
mĕn'tioned (shųnd), indicated ; named.
mĭl'ĭ tā rў, belonging to a soldier.
mĭs fôr'tūne, adversity ; mishap.
mis'sion (mish'ọn), errand.
mŏn'stroŭs, huge ; very large.
mōurn'fŭl, sad ; sorrowful.
mŭl'bĕr rў, a bush bearing red berries.
mŭsh'rōōm, a toadstool.
mŭs tach'ĕs (tăsh), a beard worn on the upper lip.
mŭt'tĕred, murmured ; grumbled.
myrrh (mĕr), incense.

nĭche, a nook ; a corner.

ọb ṣērve', see ; perceive ; remark.
ŏc'cū pīed, took up ; employed.
ŏp pọr tūn'ĭ tў, occasion.
ŏt'tĕr, a small fur-bearing animal.

păl'āçe, the abode of kings.
Păr'ą dīse, the garden of Eden.
păr'ą pĕt, a wall ; a breastwork.
pär tĭc'ū lär lў, especially.
pȧs'tūre, field where cattle graze.
pĕd'dlēr, a vender ; a hawker.
pĕnçe, plural of penny.
pēr sĭs'tĕd, continued ; persevered.
pēr'sọn ąl, pertaining to a person.
plăt'fôrm, a raised frame or structure.
plight, peril ; danger.
pō sĭ'tion (zish'un), place.
pound, English money.
prāĭ'rĭe, level grassy land.
prē tĕn'dĕd, asserted ; made believe.
prônged, pointed.
prō pō'ṣąl, a design ; a proposition.

prŏs'pĕr oŭs, successful; thriving.
prō tĕc'tion (shu̱n), shelter; defence.
prō vis'ions (vizh'u̱nz), food.
pru'dĕnçe (prö), thoughtfulness.
pŭz'zled, bewildered; perplexed.

quâr'rĕl sŏme, easily provoked.
quēēr, odd; strange.
quĭv'ĕr ĭng, trembling; wavering.

răm'blĭng, wandering; roaming.
răp'tūre, delight; gladness.
rā'ven, a bird like the crow.
rē būked', reproved; chid.
rē ĕch'ōed, echoed back.
rĕg'ū lăr lў, steadily.
rein'dēēr (rān), a deer having horns.
rē lēas'ĭng, freeing, liberating.
rĕl'ĭc, remainder; souvenir.
rē mär'ka ble, unusual; extraordinary.
rē marked (märkt'), said, commented.
rē prōach', blame; upbraid.
rĕs'ĭ dĕnt, one who dwells in a place.
rē sŏlved', decided, determined.
rĭd'dleş, a puzzle.
rĭdge, an elevation.
rĭ dĭc'ū loŭs, absurd.
rude'nĕss (röd), impoliteness, discourtesy.

săl'mŏn, both a salt and fresh water fish.
sâuçe'păn, a small pan.
sĕn sā'tion (shu̱n), feeling; emotion.
sē'rĭ oŭs, solemn; in earnest.
sēr'vĭçe, assistance; duty done.
shēaveş, bundles.
shĕl'tĕr, covering; protection.
shĭl'lĭng, an English silver coin worth about 24 cents.
shrĭv'elled, shrunk; drawn into wrinkles.
shŭd'dĕred, shook, quivered.
skew'ĕr (skū'), a pin of iron or wood for fastening meat.
skў'lärk, a European lark.
skў'lĭght, a window in the roof.
slŭm'bĕr, sleep.
smŏth'ĕred, stifled.
snătched, seized; caught.
snōw-bŭn'tĭng, a snow-bird.
sŏm'ĕr sâult, turning head over heels.
sŏu, a French coin worth about one cent.
spĕc'kled, spotted.
spĕc'tā cleş, a pair of lenses set in a frame adjusted to the eyes.
spīed, searched; caught sight of.
spurned (spĕrnd), kicked against; struck.
stĕad'ĭ lў, unmoved; without intermission.
strān'ġĕr, one who comes from another place; unknown.
strāined, exerted; forced.
strīfe, quarrel; conflict.
sŭg ġĕs'tĕd, hinted; advised.
sŭm'mo̱ned, called; notified.
sū pē'rĭ o̱r, greater than; excelling.

täunt, reproach.
tĕr'rĭ ĕr, a small dog.
thatched (thăcht), covered with straw.
there'fôre (thār'), for that reason.
thĭm'ble, an implement used in sewing.
thou'şa̱ndth, one of a thousand.
thrĕad'bāre, worn; shabby.
thŭn'dĕr-stôrm, a storm with thunder and lightning.
tŏr'rĕnt, a rushing stream.
trăv'ĕl lĕr, one who journeys.

trēa'cle, molasses.
trē mĕn'dous, overwhelming.
turn'spīt (tĕrn'), one who turns a spit.
twī'light, between daylight and dark.
twĭn'kle, wink ; blink.
twĭst'ĭng, twining ; winding.

ŭm brĕl'lą, a shelter from rain or sun.
ŭn cȯm'for ta ble (fĕr), not comfortable.
ŭn lŭck'ĭ lў, unfortunately.

văn'ĭshed, disappeared ; became invisible.
vĕn'tūred, risked ; chanced.
vis'ion (vĭzh'ọn), sight ; apparition.

wāist'cōat, an inner coat.
wâr'den, a watchman ; a guardian.
wâr'rior (lĕr), a soldier.
wēa'sel, a small animal.
whēēl'băr rōw, a barrow with one wheel.
wĭg'wâm, an Indian tent.
wĭl'dēr nĕss, a desert.
wȯn'dēred, marvelled ; surprised.
wrĭn'kled, marked with wrinkles.

yâw'nĭng, gaping ; taking a deep breath.

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